Fredericksburg:

PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE

NEW EDITION
WITH SUPPLEMENT

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BY

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Past, Present and Future.

In seeking to comply with the invitation of the Lecture Committee of our Library and Lyceum Association, and to lecture on the theme thus presented, I feel bound, as is the manner of all veracious historians, to begin at the beginning. But where the beginning is or ought to be may be a serious question. To quiet your alarm, however, ladies and gentlemen, let me say at once that I do not propose to follow the example of the profound and erudite Mr. Diederick Knickerbocker, who, when he undertook to write the history of New York, under the Dutch rule, gave to his readers three complete and rich preliminary chapters, in which he discussed the all-important question, how this world came to be created—discussed, in fact, every theory, sage or wild, that has been announced concerning creation, from the days of Moses to the present time. In these high questions I do not feel bound to involve either you or myself in looking into the beginning of Fredericksburg. It will suffice to say that, after the lapse of some four hundred and fifty millions of years from the epoch when our Earth was first gathered, by Creative Power, into a sphere (which period the great Canadian geologist, Principal Dawson, of Montreal, considers a very moderate allowance of time), the crust of the earth became a genial soil, adorned with grass, and flowers, and fruits, and trees, and fit for the habitation of man; and that the surface of the earth contained not only the continents of Asia, Africa and Europe, and the great seas, but also the continent of North and South America; and that North America contained what was, in due time, the territory of the United States, and the United States contained Virginia, and Virginia contained the county of Spotsylvania, and Spotsylvania, the town of Fredericksburg. Thus you perceive that we reach

the beginning of our beloved old city by a much shorter and safer course than that run by Diederick Knickerbocker—much shorter and safer than that of the man who, having undertaken to leap over a chasm fifty feet deep and fourteen feet wide, went back a mile and a-half that he might gain a sufficient momentum, and who having run at full speed one mile and 87.5 yards, fell down exhausted just five yards from the chasm, over which he never got at all.

But when we reach the beginning of Fredericksburg we cannot, with perfect accuracy, say that we have reached the land. For, the very earliest accounts we have concerning the site of the present town confirm the impression made by the formation of the hills and flats on both sides of the Rappahannock at this point, that at least a part of the land now occupied by the town was once covered by the water of the river. Captain John Smith, the hero of the settlement of Virginia, and a man whose career was worthy of the brightest days of knight-errantry, came up the Rappahannock in 1608 (one year after the settlement of Jamestown) in an open boat of three tons burden, with a picked crew of twelve men, and accompanied by an Indian named Mosco from one of the tribes on the Potomac. They found the Rappahannocs the most courageous and formidable savages they had yet encountered. As they sailed up, a shower of arrows would pour on them from the bushes on the shore, in which these Indians had ingeniously concealed themselves, and nothing but the willow targets obtained from the Massawomacs saved them from destruction.

When they reached the falls, which were higher up the river than they now are, they landed and set up crosses and carved their names on the bark of trees in token of possession and subjugation. As they were rambling carelessly through the woods they were suddenly attacked by about one hundred Indians, who shot their arrows with great precision, and ran rapidly from tree to tree to protect their bodies from the fatal fire of musketry. A running fight of half an hour was kept up, when the Indians mysteriously disappeared, leaving, however, one of their number so severely wounded in the knee by a musket-ball that he could not get off. Smith, with difficulty and not without threats,

saved the life of this wounded savage from Mosco, who earnestly asked the privilege of dashing out his brains.

The expanse of water just below the falls was then so wide that the boat of Captain Smith, when near the middle of the river, was beyond effective range either of the Indian arrows or of the English muskets. Something like a lake must in fact then have covered the Stafford flats and a part of those of the Spotsylvania side. Yet we need not be surprised at the change which has occurred in the 272 years that have passed. Even the grandparents of the present generation lived in a time when large barques and schooners heavily laden were able to ascend the river to Falmouth; and there to discharge their cargoes and receive return cargoes of wheat and tobacco. And some of us are able, by our personal memories, to ascend to the times when the river was much wider and deeper than now. Therefore the feat attributed to George Washington, by a tradition much more reliable than that of the cherry-tree and the hatchet, that he threw a stone across the river at a point on the bank which skirted the Washington farm, was a greater triumph of muscular strength and dexterity than such a performance would now be.

When Smith had his fight with the Rappahannocs, a few Indian wigwams and lodges near the crest of the open hills, or on the wooded ridges, were the only evidences of a town that the vicinity of Fredericksburg presented. But, as the Anglo-Saxon race gradually advanced in their settlements, and especially after the complete overthrow of the aged chief Opecancanough and his savage foes, in 1644, by Sir William Berkeley, the Indians began to retire from the rivers, and civilized settlers began to take their place. From this time, we have only dim and unreliable traditions concerning the rise of the town until the year 1727, one hundred and fifty-three years ago. At this point we gain clear and definite light, proving that the town was not only in existence, but had risen to a respectable point in population and trade. In this year (1727) old George the First died. He was, as you know, a native of Germany, and was Elector of Hanover, when he was elevated to the British throne in right of his mother, the Princess Sophia, of

Mecklenburg Strelitz, who was then the only Protestant lineal descendant of James the First. George the First was not fond of England; spent as little time there as possible; spent most of his time near his native town of Osnaburg, in Hanover, where he at last died. He never could, to the day of his death, utter twelve consecutive, intelligible English words. He hated his son George, Prince of Wales, and hated the noble and charming woman, Wilhelmina Dorathea Caroline, of Brandenburg, Princess of Wales, for no better reason than that everybody else loved her. He even went so far as to try to separate George, Prince of Wales, from his family, and especially from his oldest son, Frederic, from whom our old city of Fredericksburg has her name. This Frederic was born long before the death of his grandfather, old George the First, and as he grew to maturity, developed qualities which caused affection, if not esteem. He never became King himself, having died in the lifetime of his father, but his son became George the Third, to whose mingled obstinacy and insanity we are indebted for American independence.

In the same year in which George the First died and George the Second became King—that is in 1727—Fredericksburg became a town by law and received its name by a solemn act of christening, performed by the Lieutenant-Governor, Council and Burgesses of the then existing General Assembly. It was not, however, then incorporated as a town. It was not entitled to a corporate council or a hustings court. Having been previously a village or collection of dwelling houses, inhabited by a variety of people, it was made a town, according to a policy of the government of Virginia, which we now look back to with some surprise. You know well that the tendency of the social system in Virginia, at least up to the time of the late war, was to country life, and not to the growth of towns. On their great landed estates, with their abundant means, their slaves and dependents, the gentlemen of the Colony, and afterwards of the Commonwealth, looked upon town life with something like aversion, and never sought the towns except for temporary business or pleasure. The General Assembly sought to antagonize this tendency. They sought to do

a thing impossible—that is to make towns by statute-law. Towns cannot be made by statute-law any more than money can be made by statute-law. Towns and cities arise and swell and grow to greatness under laws which are not made by legislatures, but by the social and business wants of men. Hence we now read with amazement the numerous acts of assembly of the Colonial period by which nominal towns were established in nearly every county, and on nearly every river or considerable run. William Waller Hening, who has collected those acts, ridicules their policy and calls the designated spots by the appropriate name of "paper towns." They existed on paper and generally had no other existence. Thus one of them was declared in the statute to exist in the county of Stafford, on what was called Potomac neck, a spot where no town has ever existed in fact, and where the only dwellings have been the holes of muskrats and the lurking places of catfish, and the only inhabitants fish-hawks, snakes and mosquitoes.

But Fredericksburg was already a substantial town before the act of assembly gave it a name. It is interesting to note, however, that at that time, and for many years afterwards, rights of dedication of private property to public purposes were claimed and exercised by the Colony government, which would not be now held to be legitimate. The act in question vested in trustees for the town fifty acres of land lying along the south side of the river (Rappahannock), in the county of Spotsylvania, which land was part of a tract belonging to John Royston and Robert Buckner, of the county of Gloucester, and the act directs that these fifty acres shall be surveyed and laid out in lots and streets, and shall be sold; and that out of the proceeds the trustees shall pay John Royston and Robert Buckner for their land at the rate of forty shillings per acre. It does not appear that any process of valuation, or of condemnation had taken place, or that the consent of the owners had been obtained. And when we remember that the price to be paid was only about eight dollars per acre, and that land outside of Fredericksburg has been sold, since the war, at more than eight times this rate per acre, this proceeding of the Gentlemen Burgesses seems to be tolerably arbitrary, and to be a dim

foreshadowing of what is now known as *forcible readjustment*. And it is worthy of remark that fifteen years afterwards this arbitrary proceeding is repeated. It appears that George Home, the surveyor of Spotsylvania county, did, as required, survey the fifty acres and laid it out in streets and lots, and returned a plan thereof to the trustees, who made sales according to the previous act; but the original bounds not being accurately observed and the purchasers building very irregularly, the trustees found it necessary to have another survey and plat in March, 1739, which was made by William Waller, surveyor of Spotsylvania county; and by this new survey it appeared that the lots and buildings of the town had not only occupied the original fifty acres, but had also occupied two hundred and forty-three square poles of land in the lower end of the town belonging to Henry Willis, Gentleman, of the county of Spotsylvania, and two hundred and twenty square poles in the upper end of the town belonging to John Lewis, Gentleman, and formerly belonging to Mr. Francis Thornton. And as law suits and many controversies were threatened, the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Burgesses of the General Assembly passed an act in May, 1742, which was declared to be "for removing all doubts and controversies" and which declared that these lands belonging to the estate of Henry Willis and to John Lewis, should be held and taken to be part of Fredericksburg, and vested in the trustees and purchasers, claiming under them, provided that the trustees should pay to the executors of Henry Willis five pounds and to John Lewis fifteen pounds before the 25th of December. This act of the Colonial Government does not appear to have been made with the consent of the Willis family or of John Lewis, and it made a distinction between the supposed value of land in the upper and the lower end of the town which is to us, at this time, inexplicable. But its validity seems to have been tacitly admitted, as we find no protests or complaints, and it is to be presumed that these gentlemen, Royston, Buckner, Willis and Lewis, whose lands were thus unceremoniously dedicated to public uses, were willing (being owners of large tracts) to help forward the town

and to sell the lands on which it stood at a price which, although apparently low, may have been a fair representative of values at that time. Thus, the old town went forward in her course. Her area, as ascertained in 1739, was not quite fifty-three acres; and when it is borne in mind that her present area, within her legal bounds, is about eight hundred acres, some proximate idea of her expansion within 130 years may be obtained.

In November, 1738, two fairs were provided for, to be held annually in Fredericksburg, on the first Tuesdays in June and October, which times were changed in May, 1740, to the Wednesdays next after the court days of the county, in June and October. These fairs continued, by law, two days each, and were for the sale of all manner of cattle, victuals, provisions, goods, wares, and merchandise; and on the fair days, and for two days before and two days afterwards, all persons coming to, attending or going from the fair with their cattle, goods, wares and merchandise were exempted from all arrests or executions, except for capital offences, breaches of the peace, or for controversies, suits and quarrels arising during the progress of the fairs. And so beneficial both to town and county were these fairs found to be that the term of two years originally provided, was continued by successive laws for a long period.

The style of building frequently adopted in the town could not have been either safe or elegant. For, we find that in May, 1742, it was represented to the Assembly that the people were often in great and imminent danger of having their houses and effects burned by reason of the many wooden chimneys in the town, and, therefore, from that time it was made unlawful to build any wooden chimneys thereafter, and unlawful, after the expiration of three years, to use any wooden chimney already built; and in case the owners did not, within the three years, pull down and destroy these wooden chimneys, the sheriff was authorized to do so. And by way of killing two hurtful birds with one stone, the same act made it unlawful for owners of swine to permit them to run or go at large in the town, and if any such animals were found running or

going at large, any person was authorized to kill them; but the slayer was not to convert the body of the animal to his own use, but to leave it where killed, and inform the owner: and if no owner was known, then the nearest justice of the peace was authorized to order the body to the use of the poor, or persons he might select. Thus, early in Fredericksburg began the war on roving creatures, and I need not tell you through what "sad varieties of woe" to hogs, dogs and geese it has at sundry times passed.

Under these fostering influences the town grew in population, in prosperity and in the intelligence and public spirit of its inhabitants. Its leading people were among the very first in Virginia to adopt the principle that the American Colonies ought not only to be exempt from taxation by the mother country, but to be free and independent States. At a time when many of the ablest statesmen in Virginia, including such men as Richard Bland, Robert Carter Nicholas, Edmond Pendleton, George Mason, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Carter Braxton, and Benjamin Harrison were shrinking back from the very thought of attempting to achieve our independence, the people of Fredericksburg were far in advance of such statesmen in forecasting the future. The evidence on this subject is conclusive, and is such as may well inspire every son and daughter of Fredericksburg with emotions of honest pride.

On the 20th day of April, 1775, one day after the battle of Lexington, in Massachusetts, Lord Dunmore removed twenty barrels of gunpowder from the public magazine in Williamsburg, and soon afterwards fled with his wife and some of his domestics and took refuge in the English frigate "Fowey," then lying at Yorktown. When the news of that battle and of the removal of the powder reached Fredericksburg, great excitement prevailed. Measures were speedily devised for collecting and arming the people. Six hundred men, well armed and in fine discipline, assembled in Fredericksburg at the call of their officers. Many of them were from the counties of Spotsylvania and Caroline. After assembling, they dispatched delegates to ascertain the condition of things at Williams-

burg. Those remaining in Fredericksburg held a public meeting, consisting of one hundred and two persons—citizens, soldiers and delegates to the Assembly; and on the 29th of April, 1775, that meeting adopted resolutions which were in form and substance tantamount to a declaration of American independence. Though they deprecate civil war, yet, considering the liberties of America to be in danger, they pledged themselves to reassemble at a moment's warning, and, by force of arms, to defend the rights of "this or any sister Colony;" and they concluded with the sentence: "God save the liberties of America!" These resolutions were passed twenty-one days before the celebrated Mecklenburg declaration in North Carolina, and one year and sixty-five days before the declaration of independence of the American Congress. That they indicated the presence of strange intellectual activity and foresight in the people of this town, revealed at a comparatively early period, I think it unreasonable to deny. And in the subsequent struggle of the revolution many of her citizens bore a heroic part, and one of her physicians, General Hugh Mercer, sealed with his blood, at the battle of Princeton, his devotion to American independence.

In 1782, one year before the close of the revolutionary war, Fredericksburg received a regular act of incorporation and was endowed with a common council and a hustings court. The MS. record of the latter, of date 15th of April, 1782, gives the first action of the court, which is not without interest. The justices who held the first court were Charles Mortimer, William M. Williams, James Somerville, Charles Dick, Samuel Roddy and John Julian. They were all regularly qualified and sworn in. John Legg was appointed sergeant of the corporation, John Richards and James Jarvis, constables; John Hardy, clerk of the market and inspector of flour. Five persons were authorized to keep taverns in the town, and it is worthy of note that these gentlemen were all men of respectability and excellent standing, some of them bearing names which are still known among us, and are representatives of our most reputable families. The name "hotel"

was not known then in Fredericksburg. They were all taverns.

The next action of the court is significant as bearing testimony to the convival habits already in full life in the town, and to which I shall have occasion farther to allude. A regular tariff of prices was established for alcoholic, fermented and vinous beverages. To save my hearers trouble, and to make values more intelligible, I shall not in this lecture, in general, use the original quotations in pounds, shillings and pence, but shall at once translate them into their equivalents in dollars and cents. The tariff confined the tavern-keepers to certain prices, which they were not to exceed, and it is noteworthy that the limits are not given for a wine-glass full or even for a tumbler full, but for a gallon! These prices are as follows: For good West India rum per gallon, $3.34; for brandy, $1.67 (this, I think, could not have been Cognac or even peach, and was probably apple brandy); for whiskey, $1.00; for strong beer, 67 cents; for rum toddy, $1.67; for brandy toddy, $1.25; for rum punch, $2.50; for brandy punch, $2.00; for rum grog, $1.00; for brandy grog, 84 cents; for Madeira wine per bottle, $1.25; for port wine per bottle, 67 cents. This port could hardly have been the genuine article of Oporto, which was probably then becoming scarce, and which is now almost unknown, although it has been happily substituted by the now far-famed port wine of California. Having thus limited the prices on drinking, the court next proceeds to limit the price for eating, and they fix the price of a single *diet*, as they call it, at 25 cents—certainly a very moderate price according to our modern standards. This tariff of beverages was somewhat altered by a new order entered on the 27th of June, 1782, but it remained substantially the same, and the law of the taverns for a number of years.

Nearly at the same time we find in the MS. records of the will books in the Hustings Court distinct evidence that the estates of men, whether living or dead, were held to a subjection for their just debts, which, in these enlightened days, would be considered out of the question. In the record of the inventory and appraisement of the personalty

of Jonathan Wilson, deceased, I find that the oath of the appraisers was taken August 31, and the appraisement was returned to the court September 16, 1782. This was while the war was not yet ended. In this appraisement I find recorded one silver watch, $26.67; one cow and yearling, $16.67; one suit broadcloth clothes, $13.34; one other suit broadcloth, $6.67; three blue coats, $10; seven pair of white breeches, $11.67; five white vests, $11.67; one shirt, 67 cents; six pair of stockings, $1.67; two pair of shoes, $3.00; three hats, $3.00; one stock buckle, 50 cents; three brushes, 50 cents. And what is more important, it appears by the record that these articles were all sold and the net proceeds applied to the payment of Jonathan Wilson's debts. So that this gentlemen, who left behind him only one shirt, but who left seven pairs of white breeches and five white vests, for all of which he probably owed his dry goods merchant and his tailor, had the satisfaction (in the invisible world) of knowing that all he left was applied to the payment of his just debts. Those were the good old days—days of high living and of hard drinking it may be—but days of honesty, when repudiation of just debts was a thing unknown.

Thus Fredericksburg jogged on her way through many years, always merrily and often prosperously, during the period which intervened between the close of the revolutionary war and the establishment of the early railroad lines in Virginia. Although one of these roads made our town its northern terminus for a series of years, and was never intended to injure her, yet it is undoubtedly true that this road, with the extension of the Louisa road and its union with the Orange & Alexandria road, and the gradual advance of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad along the upper lines of the Shenandoah Valley, did injure the trade of Fredericksburg by diverting from her a large amount of produce—wheat, flour, tobacco, corn, bacon, and butter—which formerly found their way in wagons into the streets of the town.

In accordance with the expressed wishes of a number of gentlemen, it is deemed proper here to insert the historical narrative of

Fredericksburg in the War.

No one who knew anything of the habits and character of the people of our town had any doubt as to the part they would take in the late civil war. They were, with few and abnormal exceptions, thoroughly with the South. In the early movements in 1861, looking to a defence of the line of approach by the Potomac and Aquia creek, volunteers from the town were soon organized, and with other forces under Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles and Commanders Lynch, Minor and Thorburn, prepared batteries and made brave defence against the gunboats which occasionally assaulted them. All the young men of suitable age and health soon left the town as volunteers in the Thirtieth Virginia regiment, under Colonel Robert S. Chew, and the battery known through the war as the Fredericksburg Artillery, long commanded by Colonel Carter Braxton. Only the older men, the women and the colored people were left in the town by the spring of 1862.

For many of the subsequent scenes of the war we have the rare advantage of being able to refer, not merely to casual hearsay accounts, or even official reports which rarely give anything more than a cold skeleton, but, also, to the narratives of eye-witnesses, endowed with intelligence and feeling, who actually looked on and bore their part in these scenes. To the MS. journal of a Fredericksburg lady I am under special obligations, and shall use it freely in continuing this historical sketch.

On the 27th of April, 1862, the town first fell into the hands of the Federal military forces. The MS. account thus describes the event:

"Fredericksburg is a captured town! The enemy took possession of the Stafford hills, which command the town, on Friday, the 18th, and their guns have frowned down upon us ever since. Fortunately for us, our troops were enabled to burn the bridges connecting our town with the Stafford shore, and thus saved us the presence of the Northern soldiers in our midst; but our relief from this annoyance will not be long, as they have brought boats to the wharf, and will of course be enabled to cross at their pleasure. It is painfully humiliating to feel oneself a captive, but all sorrow for self is now lost in the deeper feeling of anxiety for our army, for our cause! We have lost

everything ; regained nothing ; our army has fallen back before the superior forces of the enemy, until but a small strip of our dear Old Dominion is left to us. Our sons are all in the field, and we, who are now in the hands of the enemy, cannot even hear from them. Must their precious young lives be sacrificed, their homes made desolate, our cause be lost, and all our rights be trampled under the foot of a vindictive foe? Gracious God, avert from us these terrible calamities ! Rise in Thy Majesty and Strength and rebuke our enemies.

"We heard this morning, from Rev. Mr. Tucker Lacy, a sermon from the text, 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth ;' and right gladly our hearts welcome the truth in its grandeur and strength, when we are sinking into despondency, and feeling the weakness of all human dependence."

It is due to the cause of truth to state that the United States military rule in Fredericksburg during the war was, with some noted exceptions, considerately and even kindly exercised. The provost command soon fell into the hands of General Patrick, who proved himself to be a man of genial benevolence and discrimination, although he was firm and decided in his policy. Under his government the people of Fredericksburg were not oppressed, and many of her citizens conceived sincere respect for his character. Even the colored people were not encouraged to acts of insolence or insubordination. It is true that when they chose to use their newly acquired freedom and leave their former service they could do so, but to their honor be it said, that many of them endured, with families they loved, all the subsequent trying hardships of the war.

But after McClellan's great disaster in the seven days battles around Richmond, and after the Federal powers had placed at the head of their armies the empty, boasting and unscrupulous General Pope, who advanced through Fauquier and Culpeper with his "headquarters in the saddle," and his announced purpose to subsist his army by enforced supplies from his enemies, a great change for the worse took place, which was speedily felt in Fredericksburg and its neighborhood. The MS. journal notes this change thus:

"July 23.—The first news we heard this morning was that four of our citizens, Mr. Thomas B. Barton, Mr. Thomas F. Knox, Mr. Charles C. Wellford and Mr. Beverly T. Gill, had been arrested and sent North. We have no information why. The recent orders of

Secretary Stanton and General Pope make it appear that we are not to be treated with the least leniency hereafter. Our provost marshal has been changed because he was 'too kind to the rebels,' and they are now doing everything they can to persecute and annoy us. All the stores in town are closed to-day to prevent us from getting any supplies, and they have been sending their wagons around to everybody's farm in the neighborhood taking their hay and other products. I am afraid my poor brother will have nothing left for his winter supply."

But these annoyances did not long endure. The decisive overthrow given to the Federal army under General Pope, by General Lee, in the second battle of Manassas, was speedily followed by the advance of the Confederate armies into Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners and immense military supplies by General Stonewall Jackson, and the bloody but undecided struggle between Lee and McClellan on the borders of the Antietam. So far from being able to hold the line of the Rappahannock, the Federal authorities found that they needed every available soldier to prevent the loss of their own territory. Fredericksburg was evacuated by them on the 31st of August, 1862. The scenes are thus described by the MS. journal :

"September 1.—After writing the last entry in my journal yesterday, several exciting events occurred. The rain poured down all the morning, but ceased about noon, and after dinner we went to church to hear Mr. Lacy. We found crowds at the corners of the streets, and some unusual excitement prevailing ; and we saw clouds of smoke rising from the encampments on the opposite side of the river. We went on to the Baptist church, where we found a small audience; we had a short sermon, and when we came out we walked down several squares towards the bridges. Everything indicated an immediate departure ; the guards were drawn up in line ; the horses and wagons packed at headquarters; cavalry officers rode up and down giving orders ; company after company of pickets were led into town from the different roads and joined the regiment at the City Hall ; ambulances with the sick moved slowly through the streets ; and, as we stood watching, we saw the officer who acted as provost marshal of the town ride by with his adjutant, and, in a few moments, as we stood watching, the command was given to march, and away went infantry down one street and cavalry down another to the bridge. It was very quietly done ; there was no music—no drum ; not a voice broke upon the air except the officers' 'Forward march!' It was certainly rather difficult to repress the exultation of the ladies as they stood in groups along the streets ; but strong feeling was at work,

and perhaps it was easier to repress any outward manifestations of it than if it had been slighter. I felt glad to be relieved of the presence of the enemy, and to be freed from the restraints of their power; glad to be once more within Southern lines, and to be brought into communication with our own dear people. But the great gladness was that the evacuation of Fredericksburg showed that they had been defeated up the country and could no longer hold the line of the Rappahannock. And this gave us strong hope that Virginia might yet be free from the armies of the intruder. We had scarcely reached home when a thundering sound shook the house, and we knew it was the blowing up of the bridges. Several explosions followed, and soon the bright flames leaped along the sides and floors of the bridges and illuminated the whole scene within the bounds of the horizon; the burning continued all night, and our slumbers were disturbed by frequent explosions of gunpowder placed under the two bridges. R—— went out with his gun and joined the guard which it was deemed proper to organize for the protection of the town against any stragglers or unruly persons who might chance to be prowling about. The first thing I heard this morning was that my two servants, Martha and Susan, had returned, and requested permission to engage in their usual work."

"Sept. 2.—About two hundred people came into town to-day from the surrounding country, and general congratulations ensued. Some of our cavalry rode into town this evening and were received with shouts of joy; the ladies lined the streets, waving their handkerchiefs and loudly uttering their welcome."

"Sept. 4.—Sent my portion of the soldiers' breakfast to Hazel run by J—— and S——, who came back with a great account of the way the soldiers were feasted on hot rolls, beefsteak and coffee, and their enjoyment of the good things after so long an abstinence.

"We attended yesterday evening the funeral of our old and beloved citizen, Doctor John B. Hall. While standing around the grave, the sound of the bugle and the tramp of cavalry horses fell upon our ears, and very soon a troop of seven hundred horsemen appeared; they were our own 'greys.' We could have told it by their gallant bearing if it had not been revealed by their dress. The air was rent with shouts. As we came home the streets were filled with excited people, and everybody's face was lighted up with a glad smile."

From the presence and dominion of Federal troops, Fredericksburg was thus for a time relieved. But the season of comparative quiet thus enjoyed did not long continue. Again the horrors of war closed over her in their most appalling form.

In November, 1862, the army under General Lee was confronting the "Army of the Potomac" under General Ambrose Burnside, who had taken command upon the removal of McClellan. Knowing that a movement upon

Richmond was intended, the Confederate commander keenly watched his adversary, to determine what line of approach he would adopt. It was soon apparent. On the 10th of November a small body of Federal cavalry, under Captain Ulrich Dahlgren (a son of the admiral commanding the fleet of South Carolina), dashed into the streets of Fredericksburg. A few Southern horsemen were there, who, although at first dispersed, quickly rallied, and aided by some adventurous citizens, attacked the raiders. Their object being merely a reconnoissance, they soon withdrew, with the loss of a few men and horses. Immediately afterwards the Federal army began to move down from Fauquier and Prince William, through Stafford county, to occupy Fredericksburg. General Lee gave prompt warning to Colonel Wm. A. Ball, who with a small cavalry force held the town, directing him, if possible, to retard the enemy, and informing him that he would soon be reinforced. The divisions of McLaws and Ransom, with W. H. F. Lee's brigade of cavalry and Lane's battery, were put in rapid motion for the threatened point, and the whole Confederate army prepared to follow.

Colonel Ball had already proved his courage and skill upon the field of Leesburg and in other encounters; he now gave a signal example of what may be done with a small force by a resolute front. On Sunday, the 16th, his scouts announced the approach of the enemy on three roads—the Warrenton, Stafford Courthouse and Poplar. He telegraphed to General Gustavus W. Smith in Richmond, that if he would send him two companies of infantry he would engage the enemy if they sought to cross the fords of the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg. General Smith promptly sent him a battalion of four companies, under Major Finney, from the Forty-second Mississippi. Colonel Ball placed these in the mill-race and mill opposite Falmouth, stationed his cavalry in the upper part of Fredericksburg, and planted Captain Lewis' battery of four guns and eighty men on the plateau around the residence of Mrs. Fitzgerald, half a mile above the town. His whole force did not exceed five hundred and twenty men.

At 10 o'clock on Monday, the 17th, the Southern scouts

were driven across the river by the enemy's cavalry, and in four hours thereafter the whole Federal corps under General Sumner, twelve thousand strong, appeared on the Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg, and planted their field-batteries, consisting of more than twenty guns. In the face of their rapid and accurate firing, Lewis' men stoutly maintained their ground and replied. The distance did not exceed eight hundred yards. Finding the exposure too great, Colonel Ball withdrew the pieces and artillerists under the shelter of Mrs. Fitzgerald's house, which was pierced through and through by the enemy's shot; yet the Southern fire was maintained, and the Federals, uncertain as to the force before them, made no attempt to cross the river.

It seemed rash to remain, and all of Colonel Ball's officers, except Adjutant Dickinson, earnestly advised him to withdraw. But he refused, and telegraphed to General Smith that he would hold his position while a man was left to him. General Smith replied: "Give them the best fight you have in you;" and General Lee telegraphed: "Hold your position *if you can;* reinforcements are hurrying to you." Thus encouraged, Colonel Ball maintained his front with five hundred men in the face of the twelve thousand.

On Tuesday the enemy's force was largely increased; Burnside's whole army was pouring down to the Stafford hills. Colonel Ball received a reinforcement of the Norfolk Light Artillery and the Sixty-first Virginia regiment, amounting together to about five hundred men. He relieved the wearied infantry at the mill and the artillerists at Mrs. Fitzgerald's, and still faced the enemy. They were waiting for pontoon bridges and did not cross.

Meanwhile General Lee's army was rushing down the roads from Culpeper and Orange to occupy the crest of hills around Fredericksburg. Wednesday, at daybreak, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry arrived; the next morning General McLaws, with his own division and that of General Ransom, were in position, and on the 20th the Commander-in-Chief was at hand to direct the movements of the corps of Longstreet and Jackson, which rapidly followed him.

On Thursday, the 20th of November, by request of General Lee, Montgomery Slaughter, mayor of Fredericksburg, accompanied by the recorder, Wm. A. Little, and by Douglas H. Gordon, a member of her council, held an interview with the Confederate Commander-in-Chief. It was held during a driving rain at Snowden, the residence of John L. Stansbury, about a mile from town. The mayor and his companions asked the aid and advice of General Lee in the terrible crisis now at hand. He was grave and serious, but, as always, kind and considerate. He did not conceal the dangers threatening the town from the collision of two great armies. At the close of the interview Mayor Slaughter said: "Then, General Lee, I understand the people of the town must fear the worst." He replied: "Yes, they must fear the worst." With these final words, the town authorities were turning sadly away, when General Longstreet, who had been sitting in the conference wrapped in his military great coat streaming with rain, rose from his seat and in a deep tone said, "But let them hope for the best." A single gleam of sunshine fell on the delegates, and they returned to the town.

On Friday, the 21st, General Sumner of the Federal army sent over a flag of truce with a written message to the mayor and common council of Fredericksburg. General Patrick bore the missive, and landed near the rock below the deep part of the river known as "French John's." Here he was met by Colonel Ball, the Confederate officer before mentioned, and they entered a log house which had been built on the spot, by order of General Patrick, when formerly in command of the town. General Sumner's letter (the original of which I have examined) was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., NOV. 21, 1862.

To the Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg, Va.:

GENTLEMEN—Under cover of the houses of your city, shots have been fired upon the troops of my command. Your mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the Government of the United States. Your railroads and other means of transportation are re-

moving supplies to the depots of such troops. This condition of things must terminate; and by direction of Maj.-General Burnside, commanding this army, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the Government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon (5 o'clock P. M. to-day). Failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen (16 hours) hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, the sick, wounded and aged; which period having elapsed, I shall proceed to shell the town.

Upon obtaining possession of the town every necessary means will be taken to preserve order, and secure the protective operation of the laws and policy of the United States Government.

I am, very resp'y, your ob't servant,

E. V. SUMNER,

Byt. Major-General U. S. Army, Comm'g."

Colonel Ball simply stated that before delivering the letter to the civil authorities it must be referred to his commanding military officer. But neither he nor the mayor gave any intimation of the actual presence of General Lee, with a large part of his army, on the ridge in rear of the town. The printed statements heretofore published on that point are all erroneous. General Patrick was obliged to remain in the log house from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. on the 21st. Meanwhile Colonel Ball, through the proper channels, forwarded the letter to General Lee. At twenty minutes before 5 P. M. the letter was received at his office by Mayor Slaughter, through General J. E. B. Stuart, who communicated, in full, General Lee's decision. With the aid of his advisers, the mayor prepared a written reply bearing date, "Mayor's office, Fredericksburg, Nov. 21, 1862." This reply was to the effect that the communication of General Sumner had not reached the mayor in time to furnish a reply by 5 o'clock P. M., as requested; that it had been sent to him after passing (by General Patrick's consent) through the hands of the commanding officer of the Confederate States forces near the town; that as to the shots complained of in the northern suburbs, they were the acts of the Confederate military force holding the town; that the mayor was authorized to say that the several subjects of complaint would not recur; but that the Confederate troops would not occupy the town, neither would they permit the Federal troops to do so. Mayor Slaughter,

attended by Doctor William S. Scott and Samuel S. Howison, went to the log house and, at about 7 P. M., delivered this reply to General Patrick, who had been long expecting it with some impatience, and who indulged in some good humored remonstrances at the delay. His military attendants under the flag of truce having all returned to the Federal lines, he was rowed back in a canoe across the river by Doctor Scott and Mr. Howison, under a pledge for his safety by the mayor.

In view of the bombardment menaced, and of the certainty that their homes would soon be under the fire of both armies, General Lee advised the inhabitants to remove as rapidly as possible.

The threatened bombardment was not opened the next morning, but it became apparent that the enemy would cross, and the town would be exposed not only to their fire, but to the most terrible desolations of war. The humane and considerate chief of the Confederate army urged the women and children to remove, and furnished wagons, ambulances, every facility in his power for their aid. Then followed a scene illustrating both the horrors of war and the virtues to which it sometimes gives birth. The people of Fredericksburg almost *en masse* left their homes rather than yield them to the enemy. Trains of cars departed full of refugees. Upon the last train the enemy opened a fire of shells; they afterwards explained that it was a mistake. Wagons and vehicles of every kind left the town filled with women and little children, with the few articles of apparel and necessity that could be removed. Many were seen on foot along the roads leading into the country. Winter had commenced; snow had fallen. Many were compelled to take refuge in cabins, barns and tents scattered through the woods and fields. They were dependent for food on the exertions of their friends and the humane efforts of the Southern army.

Fredericksburg was an old Virginia town, long distinguished for the refinement and intelligence of its people and the beauty of its women. The sight of such a population driven out from their homes in the winter excited the sympathy and admiration of the South. General Lee's

testimony was: "History presents no instance of a people exhibiting a purer or more unselfish patriotism, or a higher spirit of fortitude and courage, than was evinced by the people of Fredericksburg. They cheerfully incurred great hardships and privations, and surrendered their homes and property to destruction, rather than yield them into the hands of the enemies of their country." A movement to aid them was commenced in Richmond. A committee of relief and treasurer were appointed. Funds were liberally contributed throughout the whole South. The army vied with the people in furnishing money for the distressed refugees. From the Commander-in-Chief down to the humblest private in the ranks, the brave men who had fought the battles now devoted their hard-earned money to the cause of humanity. The division of General Hood gave more than $9,000; the cavalry under General Stuart gave nearly $8,000, of which $5,400 were contributed by the brigade of Fitzhugh Lee; the Thirteenth Mississippi regiment gave $1,600; the small naval force at Drury's Bluff gave nearly $800, and other bodies contributed in like proportion. The contributions of the people and army continued until more than ninety thousand dollars had been received and disbursed by the committee in Richmond, and nearly an equal sum by the mayor of Fredericksburg. The relief given by the purchase and supply of food and clothing was most seasonable. Yet it could not compensate for broken hearts and desolated homes.

A few families remained in Fredericksburg, determined to brave the terrors of war as long as possible. The hills of Stafford are higher than the corresponding crest on the south side of the river. The enemy had planted six batteries of heavy guns, consisting of 20-pound Parrots, and siege pieces throwing 85-pound shells, on the hills from Falmouth to Deep Run, in distance from Fredericksburg varying from six hundred to two thousand yards, and these, with their numerous field batteries, commanded not only the town, but the river for four miles up and down the line of hills. Perceiving that he could not prevent them from crossing under the fire of their guns, General Lee determined to meet them as they advanced over the

plateau between the river and the ridge of hills south and west of Fredericksburg. For this purpose he occupied the crest with his army, and erected heavy batteries at the most eligible positions. His line ran from the river, a mile and a half above the town, to the railroad crossing at Hamilton's, four miles below. Longstreet's corps rested its left wing on the river; next was A. P. Hill's division; and Jackson's corps was at Hamilton's, with D. H. Hill, observing the enemy at Port Royal. General Hampton's cavalry guarding the upper Rappahannock, crossed, and on the 28th of November made a sudden descent upon the Federal horse at Dumfries, capturing two squadrons and a number of wagons with stores. At the same time some of Colonel's Beale's cavalry crossed in boats below Port Royal and captured several prisoners. Excited by these bold movements the enemy's gunboats moved up and threw shells into Port Royal, but were driven off with damage on the 5th of December by the accurate fire of Major Pelham's artillery.

These skirmishes were soon followed by the grand movement of the enemy. Having at length received his pontoon bridges, General Burnside prepared to throw his army across the river. At two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 11th of December, his troops were in motion, and three signal guns in General Lee's works sounded a note of warning to the people and the army. The enemy commenced throwing three pontoon bridges across the river, two at Fredericksburg and one at Deep Run, a mile and a quarter below.

The brigade of General Barksdale held the town. The Seventeenth Mississippi, aided by the Eighth Florida, guarded the upper crossing; the Eighteenth was near Deep Run. As the enemy appeared on their unfinished bridge opposite the town, General Barksdale's men opened a severe musketry fire, picking them off with great rapidity. Hardly had this fire commenced before the enemy's heavy batteries opened the long threatened bombardment of Fredericksburg. Their field batteries soon followed, and for twelve hours a horrible deluge of shells and shot was poured upon the streets and houses. The few remaining

inhabitants fled to their cellars, and sought to save their lives from the storm which was beating their homes to pieces. Many houses were burned; among them was the residence of the postmaster, Reuben T. Thom. He was old and enfeebled by illness, yet he retained his courage, and when his house was burning he took his seat in a chair in his yard, seeming to defy the torrents of deadly missiles. His friends with difficulty removed him from his ruined home.

The scenes of terror and danger passing in the town were pictured in a letter from a lady to her son in the army. She had remained until the bombardment. She wrote:

"Our lives are all spared, and you must help us to adore the goodness which has intervened between us and the great perils to which we have been exposed. We had no warning of the intention of the enemy, and were awakened on the morning of the 11th, at five o'clock, by the booming of the cannon, and heard instantly that the enemy were crossing the river. We hurried on our clothes and rushed into the cellar as the second shot struck the house. The servants made up a fire, and we had just gathered around it when the crashing of glass and splintering of wood caused us to run towards the door leading to the wood cellar. As we reached it, poor little S—— exclaimed, 'I am struck, Ma!' and fell into my arms. We bore him into a closet in the cellar and tore his clothes off, and found only a large black bruise on his right arm near the shoulder; the ball which struck him was so nearly spent that it had only force left to inflict this hurt. We afterwards found the ball near where he stood—a twelve-pounder. After this we did not venture even into that room again, but sat crouched together in the dark hole for thirteen hours, while the cannonading was tearing everything to pieces above our heads. There are holes in the up-tairs rooms large enough to put a barrel through. About one o'clock Brother J—— came in from his farm, at th risk of his life, to see if we could be moved. A hasty council was held, but the firing was so tremendous and the destruction in the streets so great that it was thought best for us to remain where we were. So there we sat upon the floor in the closet, 'looking *upward* in the strife.' Susan and Martha got us a furnace of live coals, and even cooked us a little food at the fireplace in one of the rooms; they got us all the counterpanes and blankets they could hastily snatch, and made poor J—— a bed, as he has never recovered from his late attack.

"Just at dark we heard your uncle's voice again calling, 'Come out. I have an ambulance at the back door, and you must not stay to get a single thing. They are in town, only a square off, and you must be gone at once!' We needed no second call, but wrapping the blankets around us, we rushed through the yard over the

branches of trees. The pailings were all down and the yard was ploughed up, and we stepped over many a ball and fragment of shell in our hasty progress to the ambulance. Brother J—— put us all in and remained a few moments to lock up the house, when our driver put the whip to his horses, and we tore through the town at a rate that at any other time would have frightened me for the safety of our lives, but now seemed all too slow for our anxiety to be beyond the reach of those fearful shot and shell which were still crashing through the streets and tearing the houses to pieces. I never ventured to look back until we reached the top of the high hill beyond the mill, and then the scene was so awfully grand and terrible that I cannot venture upon its description. The railroad bridge across Hazel Run was burning, and large fires at several points in the town. There were hundreds of camp-fires, around which bands of men under arms were gathered, and the road was lined with soldiers, wagons, and ambulances. Every object could be distinguished, even the fierce swarthy countenances of our soldiers, every one of whom looked defiance towards the foe who had caused the destruction of our homes.

"We came on at rather a lessened pace, and when Mrs. Temple met us in the yard with her warm, cordial welcome, and led us into the bright, cheerful looking room, where a good fire was blazing, and kind, sympathizing friends were all around, my wrought-up agony gave way in floods of tears which could not be controlled. We thanked God for our deliverance; and when we lay down in comfortable beds, far away from the sound, the sight and the *smell* of battle (for the atmosphere which we had breathed all day was so impregnated with gunpowder that it was oppressive), we felt indeed that after all we were dealt with by a kind Father."

General Barksdale's troops resisted the passage of the enemy with stubborn courage. Nine times they attempted to complete their pontoons opposite to the town, and as often were driven back by the fatal fire from the rifle pits and houses on the bank. But at the bridge near Deep Run the Confederates were exposed to a sweeping fire of artillery, and at one o'clock they were compelled to withdraw. This enabled the enemy to cross below and advance on the town. Under orders General Barksdale's men slowly retired, fighting all the way through the streets and inflicting loss on the foe.

On gaining possession of Fredericksburg, the Federal troops abandoned themselves to pillage and destruction. They entered the stores and dwellings, rifled them of all that could be removed, and wantonly shattered to pieces furniture, mirrors and glassware, ripped open beds and

beat out their contents into the yards and streets. All the liquor and wine found was speedily seized. Four hundred bottles of old wine were taken from the store of William Allen by Meagher's Irish brigade. Its effects were seen in the battle now hastening on.

On Friday, the 12th, the Federal army was drawn up in battle-line, preparing to advance. Not less than sixty thousand men were on the south bank of the river, embracing the four corps of Sumner, Couch, Franklin and Wilcox, with more than a hundred pieces of artillery. The Confederate army sternly confronted them in a line extending nearly six miles. Longstreet occupied the wooded ridge running from the river above to a point a mile below the town. A. P. Hill's troops were on his right, and Jackson held the lower line from above Hamilton's crossing to the Massaponax river. The Southern batteries occupied fine positions to sweep the semi-circular plateau across which the enemy must advance. Stuart's horse artillery were in the plain on the extreme right, and the Fredericksburg Battery under Braxton, and Letcher Artillery under Greenlee Davidson, were in Bernard's field, very near the centre of the Federal line. At one o'clock the heavy batteries on each side opened, and for an hour kept up a brilliant duel of shells and round shot. Then all was silent again.

On the morning of Saturday, the 13th of December, a dense fog hung over the river and the adjoining fields. Under its cover the Federals advanced. Their heaviest attack was against the position held by A. P. Hill. Through the thick vapor their dark masses were dimly seen, and immediately the batteries of Braxton and Davidson opened on them with severe effect. At the same time Major Pelham on the right began an enfilading fire, which ploughed through their ranks, sweeping down numbers at every discharge. His fire was so effective that six of the enemy's batteries concentrated on him; yet under this sharp ordeal he maintained his position, and continued his rounds with such daring as to excite the admiration of the Southern commander.

The divisions of the Federal Generals Meade, Gibbons

and Doubleday of Franklin's corps, made strenuous efforts to penetrate General Hill's lines. As their left advanced towards the ridge occupied by Colonel Lindsay Walker's artillery, he waited until they were within eight hundred yards. Then the guns under Pegram, Ellett and McIntosh launched on them a storm of missiles, which first stopped their advance and then drove them back in rout and confusion. Meanwhile, farther up the line the attack was more successful; the brigades of Generals Archer and Lane became engaged with a heavy force of the enemy. A bloody struggle ensued. Barber's Thirty-seventh and Avery's Thirty-third North Carolina kept up a destructive fire. The Confederates repulsed all in their front, but the numbers of the enemy enabled them to press in upon their flanks; and finding that they were in danger of being surrounded, two regiments of Archer and Lane's men gave way and fell back, leaving about two hundred and forty prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

General Archer, with two regiments and two battalions from Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia, held his ground with tenacity, while reinforcements from right and left were hurrying to him. Two of Hood's regiments, under General Law, Godwin's Fifty-seventh and McDowell's Fifty-fourth North Carolina, were detatched from the left, and made a charge which drove back the Federals in their front beyond the Bowling Green road. But a massed column of the enemy poured through the breach in the Southern lines, and penetrated to A. P. Hill's second line, where they encountered General Maxey Gregg's brigade. Orr's Rifles mistaking the advancing Federals for friends, were thrown into momentary confusion. In his efforts to rally them, General Gregg fell mortally wounded on the field. A braver soldier and a truer heart was never lost to the South. Colonel Hamilton, who succeeded to the command, rallied his men, and with promptness re-formed his lines and poured a killing volley into the enemy's flank. At the same time General Thomas' brigade came up to the assistance of Archer, and Lawton's and Hoke's brigades from Early's division hastened into the melee, with the yells which differed so much from the huzzas of the

Federals that the onset of a Southern regiment was always known by the sound. After a short and sanguinary contest the Federals under Ferrero, Negley and Sturgis, gave way, and were driven across the railroad with heavy loss. Latimer's battery and the brigade under Colonel Brockenbrough completed the rout. Doubleday's advance with the extreme left of the Federals was successfully met by Jackson's infantry under D. H. Hill, aided by the batteries of Brockenbrough, Raine, Poage and Dance. The Pennsylvania Reserves under General Jackson were received with a fire so fatal that they broke in confusion and could not be rallied. Jackson fell dead on the field, and his body, with that of his adjutant, Sweringer, fell into the hands of the Confederates. General Gibbons was wounded. The attack on the Southern right had failed. After eight hours of fierce contest they had driven back the enemy at every point, leaving the intervening ground covered with his slain.

Meanwhile on the left a bloody scene had been enacted. The Washington Artillery were in position on Marye's Hill. General Ransom's division was in support. Brig.-General Thomas R. R. Cobb's brigade was posted on the road below the hill, behind a stone-wall which afforded an admirable breastwork. Brig.-General Cooke's men occupied the crest of the hill. At half-past eleven o'clock the serried ranks of the divisions of Generals Hancock, Couch and Wilcox poured out from Fredericksburg, and advanced over the narrow fields. When they came within effective range, Walton's guns opened on them, tearing their ranks with spherical case and canister. Still they came steadily on, while the heavy batteries from the opposite hills and a cloud of sharpshooters on their flanks sought to create a diversion in their favor. But when they reached a distance of a hundred yards from the road, the infantry under Cobb and Cooke opened their fire and sent a rain of bullets upon their already bleeding ranks. Their dead fell like withered leaves. Unable to bear the storm, they recoiled and fled. Again they were rallied and came on, seeking shelter of ravines and fences; again they met the hail of lead and retreated in rout, leaving hundreds of dead and

wounded. Five times their advance was renewed, and as often repelled with fearful loss.

As the evening approached the Federal officers organized a column of assault heavier than any they had yet employed. The troops under Couch, Wilcox and Burnside were massed for a final and desperate effort. Meagher's Irish brigade led the van; their native courage had been stimulated to the highest degree by the liquor and wine they had seized in Fredericksburg. Seeing the formidable movement, General Ransom ordered Cooke's brigade to support Cobb's on the road. Kershaw ordered up his division, and Kemper hastened into line with his troops. At four o'clock the enormous columns of the enemy were hurled upon the position, firing such torrents of bullets that a dark belt stained with lead ran along the whole line of the stone-wall. The Confederates suffered severe loss. General Cobb, a most gallant and accomplished officer, was killed by a fragment of shell. General Cooke was dangerously wounded. Yet the men stood firm, and when the foe came within short musket-range, they met them with a ceaseless fire of minie-balls, while the artillery above under Colonel Alexander was shattering their ranks with grape and canister. In the words of a Northern writer, "human nature was unable to hold out against the terrible fire." The Irish Brigade melted away; the ground was so covered with the dead that the men behind were compelled to pass over or push them aside. The Federals broke and retreated in horror from the field of blood. Their sharpshooters kept up a scattering fire, but as the shades of evening gathered over the field, the remnants of the immense host that had moved out in the morning retreated into town or behind the banks of the river. The Southern victory was complete.

The loss of the Confederates in this battle was four thousand two hundred men, of whom only four hundred and fifty-eight were killed. A. P. Hill's division, which sustained the heaviest pressure, lost two hundred and eleven killed, and fourteen hundred and eighty wounded. Besides Generals Gregg and Cobb, the Southern army lost other valuable officers, among whom were Captain H. D. King and Lieutenant James Ellett.

The repulse of the enemy had been complete, and accomplished with so little comparative loss, that the Confederate generals expected the battle to be renewed on Monday. But the result proved that they did not know the extent of the bloody chastisement they had inflicted. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was not less than fifteen thousand men. They lost nine thousand small arms. Their spirits were broken by the fearful slaughter they had sustained. Their dead lay in ghastly heaps on the field; nearly every house in the town was filled with their wounded.

During the whole battle General Burnside never crossed to the south side of the Rappahannock. He remained in the house of A. K. Phillips, on a high hill north of the river. A Northern observer said: "His position most of the time was on the upper balcony, where *with a powerful glass* he was watching the movements." After the sanguinary defeat of his army he crossed and attempted to organize another attack in columns of regiments; but his troops demurred, his division generals advised against it. In truth, the men could not have been brought to the attempt, and he quickly abandoned it.

On the night of Monday, December 15th, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, he withdrew his beaten army with all possible silence and celerity across the river and then removed the pontoons. The next morning, when the Southern officers and their men looked through the haze and storm to see what their enemy was doing, he was gone.

During the bloody battles fought in 1864 between the immense Federal forces under General Ulysses Grant and the comparatively small, but indomitable Confederate army under General Robert E. Lee, and which have made the names of Mine Run, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse forever memorable in history, the many thousands of wounded of the Federal army were sent in ambulances and wagons to Fredericksburg, where a host of United States surgeons and assistants attended them. The native population then remaining was small, and consisted entirely of women, children and elderly men; even the colored population had become very much reduced.

On Sunday, the 8th of May, while a small congregation was attending upon religious services in the basement of the Southern Methodist church, a boy came hastily in and whispered to Mr. Joseph W. Sener, who announced that a body of armed Federal troops were marching down the Poplar Spring road. The people quickly dispersed to their houses. These troops did not exceed sixty in number, and were all slightly wounded; but as they were armed, the men of the town deemed it safest to require their surrender as prisoners of war, which was promptly made. Soon, other wounded stragglers followed, until the number of prisoners amounted to about two hundred. They were sent to Richmond under a small escort

Within the next twenty-four hours, the fifteen thousand of the wounded of General Grant's army were brought into the town in ambulances, wagons and all available conveyances. They were attended by a large body of surgeons and assistants of every kind. Private houses and yards were occupied, and ghastly sights everywhere met the eye. The sudden increase of the population from three or four thousand to twenty thousand was enough in itself to cause suffering and distress, and these were greatly aggravated by the scanty supply of water. This was caused by the fact that the Federal wounded in passing by the reservoir on Poplar Spring Hill drank it almost dry, and threw into it the dead body of a colored soldier. This so tainted the water that the town authorities were compelled to shut off the supply to the street pipes. Some arrests were made to furnish hostages for the wounded prisoners previously captured.

Many thousands of the wounded in Fredericksburg died, and the National Cemetery on Willis' Hill, above the town, now holds their remains, together with those of the great numbers gathered from previous battlefields. The whole number of separate soldiers whose remains, in whole or in part, are there buried is estimated to amount to not not less than forty thousand.

During this occupation for the wounded, the people of Fredericksburg endured suffering, disease and sorrow greater than any that had previously visited them. Yet it

is an admitted truth that no considerate aid or courtesy was wanting on the part of the Federal officers which could mitigate the horrors of these scenes. In fact a sentiment of humanity was there developed on both sides which projected itself into the future. Had the *soldiers* and the good people of both sections been left to themselves after the war, without the stimulants furnished by the selfish rancor of politicians and place-hunters, complete good feeling would long ago have been re-established.

With the period that has elapsed since the war and during the dismal stage of reconstruction, you are all familiar, and to tell you of it would be only to repeat a thrice told tale and unnecessarily "*infandum renovare dolorem*," to open again old wounds, and perhaps to cause hearts to bleed or eyes to weep that Time has been mercifully dealing with.

And, now, we have reviewed the history of Fredericksburg, as history is often written, but not as it ought to be written. For we are now to turn to a more interesting phase of the subject, and to speak and learn of the people themselves, their ways and manners, their habits, and the individualisms which stood out from among them like *basso relievos* from a plain surface. A town does not consist in the buildings and houses that stand on its soil; and the history of the town therefore is not the history of its houses, however venerable some of them may be. This is a truth which has been already settled by the highest American authority, that is Yankee Doodle himself, for do we not know that—

> "Yankee Doodle came to town
> Dressed in leather trou-ers;
> He said he could not see the town,
> There were so many houses!"

There is a profound truth involved in this old song, for if a stranger had come to Fredericksburg in the olden time, and had seen only the houses, and never met with, and conversed with, and become acquainted with her people, and then gone away, it might truly be said of him that he had never seen the town. And this same truth is

expressed in yet more lofty and sublime thought by the great English lawyer, Sir William Jones, who with all his mastery of twenty-eight languages, and his power as a scholar, a jurist and a legislator, never uttered nobler truth than in those immortal words:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dumb brutes endued
In forest brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State."

And so we say that the men and the women of the past of Fredericksburg are her true history, whether for glory or for shame.

This town was once nominally called by a witty statesman a "finished town," and her people have often been accused of being so entirely self-satisfied that they will not believe that any merit elsewhere can exceed her merit. But, irony aside, it is a fact generally admitted — and admitted by none more readily than by people at a distance — that the men and women whom Fredericksburg has, from time to time, sent out from her bosom into all parts of our country and of the world, and the men and women whom she has retained or adopted, have contributed to establish for her a marked and consistent reputation for intellectual activity and genial qualities. It is not impossible that a philosophical reason or series of reasons for this fact may be found in the conditions that have surrounded Fredericksburg; her moderate and pleasant climate, her excellent water, her environment of picturesque hills and flowing river; the beauty and fascinating qualties

of her women; her cheapness in the necessaries of life; and, above all, in that happy medium between the size of a small and stagnant village, and a large and bustling city, which she has for nearly a century maintained, and which is eminently adapted to develop active individualism of character, alike removed from the sluggish life of a village, and the forced dead-level of a huge city.

But whatever may have been the causes, the fact is certain. Fredericksburg has, from revolutionary times downward, always had within her, or about her, mental activity. She has never been blessed or cursed with Rip Van Winkleism. It is true that her people, in order to develop pabulum for thought, have been occasionally obliged, for want of more profitable occupation, to resort to seats on dry goods boxes on the business avenues, or to convenient corners for the debates of social juntos; or, on graver occasions, to the town hall or courthouse for public discussion; but they have always kept their minds alert and polished by friction, and ready for business when business should call; and if they have sometimes expended their immense reserve and superfluity of thought in contriving practical jokes and questionable amusements, yet very seldom have these excesses ever assumed forms of deliberate and malignant mischief.

Individualisms.

With this brief introduction, I propose to speak of some of the marked characters that have appeared either in Fredericksburg or in the country in contact with her, and connected with her destinies. One of the earliest of those of whom we have any authentic account was Francis Thornton, the great-great-grandfather of our beloved female citizens, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Forbes. And when I state that Mrs. Fitzgerald, having nearly attained her eighty-eighth year, is probably now our oldest inhabitant, I carry you back to a very respectable antiquity in bringing to your notice her great-great-grandfather.

He was from Yorkshire, in England; came to Virginia after he attained to manhood, and acquired title to a very

large tract of land in this region. He was a tall and powerfully built man, active and athletic. His residence was long in the neighborhood of the Falls Plantation; but I suppose his actual dwelling house is not now in existence. He was fond of out-door occupations and sports—hunting, fishing and swimming. There is a tradition that he had occasional encounters with the Rappahannock Indians, and that in one of them, in which he had the aid of a few hardy spirits like himself, nothing but his great courage and strength saved the white party from destruction. But these incidents are not sufficiently authenticated to justify me in giving them as history. It is certain, however, that he sought adventure among the lower animals — fish, flesh and fowl — with which this region then abounded; and within the memory of the living, an old citizen of Falmouth has seriously declared that he had found in or around the falls terrapins and fresh water turtles, which had on their shells the initials "F. T." distinctly cut with the point of a knife. And on one occasion he had an encounter with a sturgeon which is worthy of note because it was characteristic of the man: The sturgeon had made his way up the river during a light freshet, above ordinary deep water. Francis Thornton, finding this large fish in some of the shallow waters of the falls, undertook to secure him, and for this purpose plunged into the water and seized his head; but his hands becoming entangled in the gills the fish struggled so violently that he made his way with his captor into the deeper water. Any ordinary man would have gladly released him, but this Yorkshire gentleman resolved otherwise, and by a remarkable exertion of his great strength and skill in wading and swimming, actually succeeded in forcing the sturgeon back to the shallow water and secured him. It was by such men that the wilderness was subdued, and Virginia secured for the Anglo-Saxon race.

The great-grandson of this gentleman was Francis Thornton, whom many now living remember as the owner and occupier of the Fall Hill estate above Fredericksburg. And though the Indian fights, just mentioned, may be apocryphal, yet it is certain that the life of an Indian was

closely connected with his life. During the administration of Alexander Spotswood as Governor of Virginia, a young Indian girl became domesticated in his family. Whether she was actually a captive in some of the irregular wars with the savages, or whether she was one of the numerous hostages whom Governor Spotswood required the Indian sachems to deliver up as security for their peaceable demeanor is not certainly known. Her name was Katina, and after some time spent in the Spotswood family she was, with her own consent, transferred to the Thorntons, and became the nurse of Francis Thornton, the younger. She formed for her young charge the strongest attachment. She carried him with her into the woods and fields and taught him many of the Indians' devices which she had not forgotten. On one occasion when they had been missed for some time, the father of the child sought them in the thick undergrowth on a part of the farm now known as Snowden, above Fredericksburg, the present residence of John L. Stansbury. Here Katina was found seated on the ground with the little boy near her, in a state of high delight at her success in trapping a number of live partridges which she had enticed into a wicker basket or cage, and was now exhibiting to her happy young charge. When Francis Thornton was about seventeen years old, this Indian woman died, and her death caused him so much of grief and depression that he could never hear it mentioned or speak of it in subsequent life without the most unaffected distress.

The art of practical pleasantry is one in which a very great number of proficients have appeared in this town whose deeds have been confined to no special epoch of her career. They have often exhibited strange mental traits, and the point of the joke has often been attained by elaborate thought and preparation which, applied to any other subject, would have gone far towards useful and beneficial success.

Early in this century there lived in Fredericksburg an old Frenchman named Campion. He lived in the upper part of the town. He was very poor, and such work as he could find was precarious and often unremunerative.

He was often in want, and though not a recognized pauper, was assisted, with much good humor and kind-heartedness, by the people in his neighborhood. And in return for their benefactions many of them felt at liberty to amuse themselves by innumerable pleasantries in word and deed at his expense. On one dark night, at precisely nine o'clock, when the old Frenchman was getting somewhat sleepy, a knock was heard at his door. He opened it; a man stood there who asked in an earnest voice: "Is Mons. Tonson here?" He politely replied: "Non; Mons. Tonson does not live here. Mons. Campion lives here." Then the enquirer withdrew. Half an hour afterwards, as the old man was preparing to go to bed, another loud knock was heard at the door. Half asleep he opened it, and again a stranger presented himself with the question: "Is Mons. Tonson here?" The Frenchman began to wax angry, and answering loudly, "No!" he shut the door in the face of his visitor, and went to bed. But hardly had he fallen into the first sweet sleep, before another half-hour had passed, and again a tremendous knocking aroused him, to which, in his confused state, he answered by again presenting himself at the door. The same question drew forth an explosion of wrath, and again he went to bed. But the inveterate jokers were not to be foiled. At the end of every half-hour from nine to four in the morning, a fresh man, detailed for the purpose, knocked at the door, and when Campion refused to rise from his bed, but howled therefrom like a goaded tiger, still the same question was shouted out: "Is Mons. Tonson here?" and still the answer came, mingled with *sacres* threats and objurgations which roused the whole neighborhood. The next day Campion went to the mayor's office to get out a warrant, but on giving his account of the matter, the mayor was almost convulsed by his efforts to restrain his laughter and to look officially grave; and, moreover, it was found that Mons. Campion, though he had his suspicions, could not identify one single offender, and could not swear to any state of facts which involved an actual violation of law. Therefore the matter was dropped, and he was quickly pacified by the practical kindness of the very men who had perpetrated this practical joke.

In the interval between the years 1830 and 1845, this spirit was all alive in Fredericksburg. There existed then a secret club or association known among themselves as "The Jaw Bone Club." They had no declared objects; no constitution; no by-laws; no rules or regulations of any kind — at least none that were ever revealed. I am not able to say who were members of this club, or who were its officers. I only know that John Terry, Charles A. Pearson, Wm. H. Murphy, James Cunningham, James Harrison and Turner Ramsay were leading spirits in its operations. How many others were united with them, and who they were, has not been disclosed. Their object seemed to be, by union of effort, under certain impulses of fun, which were under thorough discipline, to extract as much enjoyment as possible from any suitable subjects for practical jokes. On one occasion a Stafford man came into Fredericksburg, and meeting casually with James Cunningham, entered into conversation. Being asked what was new in Stafford, he answered that in his neighborhood the people were very much troubled about mad dogs. "Mad dogs?" said Cunningham; "why don't you get the corporation gun?" "What is that?" asked the Stafford man. "Why," said Mr. Cunningham, "it is a gun which is infallible death to every mad dog it comes near." The Stafford man was greatly excited and asked eagerly how it could be obtained. "Nothing easier," said Cunningham. "I had it not long ago to kill a mad dog, but I have passed it to another gentleman. It is going the rounds all the time. I will give you an order for it by which you can get it." He accordingly wrote an order, directing it to Charles A. Pearson, and requesting him to deliver to bearer the corporation gun. On presentation to Mr. Pearson he remarked gravely that he had parted with it only the day before; but he would endorse on the back of the order a written request to the party who had it, which would answer every purpose. This new order was directed to Mr. John Terry. By this time night had arrived. The Stafford citizen could not find Mr. Terry until the next morning after breakfast. On reading the paper he expressed regret that he had not the gun, but

comforted the gentleman by telling him he knew where it was and could put him in the way to obtain it. He said to him: "The gun is now hanging up in the front part of the store of Mr. William Redd, on Commerce street. It is public property, and is intended for the use of all who wish to kill mad dogs. Mr. Redd is somewhat strange in his ways and may not be disposed to deliver it to you. You need not ask him for it. You have seen all the necessary parties, and I will write on this paper a full authority, under which you can go and take down the gun and carry it home with you." And so the writing was given; the gentleman proceeded to the store, and seeing a gun hanging up near the front door, forthwith mounted on a keg of nails and had actually cut one of the suspending cords, when William Redd catching sight of the proceeding through the glass sash of his counting-room rushed out upon him. His hostile look so alarmed the man that he left the gun hanging by one cord, and took to his heels, pursued by Mr. Redd, who raised hue and cry upon him as a thief; but the man was fleet of foot and succeeded in crossing Chatham bridge and escaping into Stafford. Justice requires me to add that when William Redd, who relished a joke, learned about the order he laughed as heartily as other people, and sent the Stafford gentleman a message that he might come safely to Fredericksburg when he chose.

These details as to the "Jaw Bone Club" and its proceedings have been given to me by my friend and former schoolmate, Charles A. Shepherd, who has also furnished many authentic particulars as to Wm. H. Murphy (commonly called Billy Murphy), who kept a store, and Isaac Jones (commonly known as Jew Jones), who was then the only citizen of Hebrew descent in Fredericksburg, though since the war some of her most enterprising residents have been of that ancient and interesting race.

I can only speak, in passing on, of the peculiar relations between Billy Murphy and Jew Jones, and tell how Murphy, by most adroit and elaborate manœuvres, continued through five years, succeeded, on two several occasions, in inducing Jew Jones to receive from him cigars, in each

case loaded in their folds with gunpowder, and which, when the Jew lighted them while applied to his mouth, instantly exploded, marking his face, in one instance, with black spots which he long bore; and how in another case, in a dark night Murphy crouched down in a deep gutter which was then alongside of the curb-stone, near the present postoffice, by which route he knew that Jew Jones was about to pass; and when the Jew stepped on him he rose up, whereby the Jew was overthrown and covered with mud, and how Murphy succeeded in moving back into the sitting-room of the Farmers Hotel (which was then the great place of rendezvous for jokers) in time to take his seat, with a grave face, before the Jew arrived; and how Mr. Jones came in and declared that he had stepped on a big black hog, applying, also, to the supposed hog an epithet which reverence forbids me to repeat, and how he had fallen and bemired himself, and how outrageous it was in the common council to permit hogs to run in the streets, and Murphy sympathized with him, and proposed to get up a petition on the subject to the council. But with all his repeated and sometimes severe pleasantries at his expense, Murphy was always a true friend to the Jew, and often helped him when he was in want or in trouble.

This good-humored habit of exercising the mind in ingenious contrivances for merriment and fun had its effect even on the colored people of Fredericksburg, many of whom emerged from the common level and became characters almost as well known as some of the white humorists. I can only mention three by name, all of whom may perhaps be remembered by some present. One was John Campbell, commonly called "Old John Campbell." His specialty was attending funerals. He was never known to be absent from the funeral of a colored person; and attended all the funerals of the white people that he could possibly reach. On these occasions, he always wore the same hat, adorned with a black band and crape weepers behind; so that whenever he was seen wearing this hat and wending his way in any direction, it was equivalent to a notice that a funeral procession would come from that point. The next colored character to be noted was Jenny

Ham. She was so eccentric that she was sometimes thought to be insane; but there was so much of shrewdness and method in her madness that the better medical opinion was against this theory. She would never permit any person to cross her track without taking instant measures to resent it or to avert the evil omen; and many a tub or bucket of water has descended on the head of the unlucky urchin who attempted this perilous feat. She had a daughter, who bore a name of her own dictation, and which she would repeat to any serious questioner with intense volubility. It was a fair rival to some of the names of German princesses. It was as follows: Mary, Margaret, Molly, Polly, Todd, Yankee Doodle, Yahoo, Rooliper, Trooliper, Woolfolk Ham.

But, beyond doubt, the most eminent colored character was Buddy Taylor, who died only a few years ago. He was a man of large size and stature, and, in his prime, of gigantic strength. His complexion was black, but having an aquiline nose, he always denied that he was an Ethiopian, and insisted that he was a Carthagenian, and thus claimed connection with the blood of Hannibal and Hanno. His peculiarities were many; but that which most distinguished him was the ability to coin and use words of sesquipedalian length and thundering sound, of which the word "mahani-ostanating" must serve as a single specimen. His language was marvelous in this, that though every sentence contained a large proportion of words which belonged neither to the English language nor to any other known language, ancient or modern, yet, when the sentence was finished, it seldom failed to impress on the hearer's mind a distinct, incisive stamp of the idea which Buddy Taylor wished to express. Therefore he was seldom misunderstood; and I have always thought that the phenomena exhibited by his mind and language were worthy of the deepest study of the professed psychologist. On one occasion, about the year 1832, there was an exhibition in the town hall of Fredericksburg of the nitrous-oxyd or exhilarating gas, the properties of which were first discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy. The effect of this gas is known to be to develop into high activity the prevalent and prominent

traits of real character in the person who breathes it. And the fact that by far the larger number fight furiously with fists, feet and teeth, is considered a sad proof that since the fall, man has been born a fighting animal. When Buddy Taylor was brought in for the purpose and breathed this gas, much interest was felt, and the crowd gathered in a silent circle around him. And, true to his prevalent habit, the moment the tube was removed from his lips, he stepped forth into the circle and delivered a speech which, I can truly say, was unparalleled and inimitable, for nothing bearing the slightest resemblance to it is found in all the literature of the world.

I am not willing to leave this subject of individual character without at least a passing notice of certain choice spirits, who were accustomed to resort to Fredericksburg from the county of King George; and as I have already mentioned the Farmers Hotel, it is proper now to speak of the old Indian Queen Tavern, or hotel, which stood on Main street, nearly on the spot where Mr. Stonebraker has a wareroom for agricultural machinery. This Indian Queen Hotel was burned to the ground at mid-day, about the year 1831. It had been the place where the choice spirits aforesaid mostly did congregate. In King George there is a region, formerly, and perhaps now, known as *Chotank*, which has been mentioned in connection with its favorite beverage by St. Leger Landon Carter in his genial essay, "The Mechanician and Uncle Simon." From this region chiefly came the spirits of whom I am to speak. Mr. Carter was, beyond question, a poet. His longest poem, "The Land of Powhatan," though it has some beauties, was as a whole, a failure, and is not now in print. But had he never written anything save the two short poems, "The Sleet" and "The Mocking Bird," his possession of the divine afflatus would be beyond serious doubt. The first of these poems has lately been republished by the good taste of our lady editor of the *Fredericksburg News;* but as the latter is not generally accessible, and is connected with my present theme, and as it is not only true to the poetic soul, but true to the observed habits of the bird, I am sure you will forgive me for quoting a part of it:

"I saw him to-day, on his favorite tree
Where he constantly comes in his glory and glee,
Perched high on a limb, which was standing out far
Above all the rest, like a tall taper spar:
The wind was then wafting that limb to and fro,
And he rode up and down, like a skiff in a blow,
When it sinks with the billow, and mounts with its swell;
He knew I was watching—he knew it full well.

"He folded his pinions, and swelled out his throat,
And mimicked each bird in his own native note—
The thrush and the robin, the red bird and all—
And the partridge would whistle and answer his call;
Then stopping his carol, he seemed to prepare,
By the flirt of his wings, for a flight in the air,
When rising sheer upward, he wheeled down again
And took up his song where he left off the strain.

"What a gift he possesses of throat and of lungs,
The gift apostolic—the gift of all tongues!
Ah! could he but utter the lessons of love
To wean us from earth and to waft us above,
What siren could tempt us to wander again?
We'd seek but the siren outpouring that strain—
Would listen to nought but his soft dying fall,
As he sat all alone on some old ruined wall."

Such was the mocking bird of King George, which inspired the poet's heart. But we have some accounts which attribute to this delightful bird sounds of another kind. For the facts now to be mentioned I am indebted to my good friend, Mr. John Randolph Bryan, who has recently become resident with us, and is a member of our library committee. He obtained his narrative from the late Doctor David Tucker, who made his observations on the spot in Chotank, in King George. On rising in the morning he was greeted by the joyous voices of the mocking birds. To his astonishment he discovered that they uttered articulate sounds almost perfect imitations of the sounds from human organs. On listening more attentively he heard the words, "Get up, get up," repeated with animation. But soon other words from these bird-throats came with even more distinctness and life. They were, "Julep, julep, julep." And then came many voices uniting in a mezzo-soprano, "Taste it, taste it, taste it," and finally came a deep-toned contralto chorus, "So good, so good,

so good,'' and thus was ushered in with music, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, the morning libation in Chotank.

But whatever sceptical doubts may arise as to this mocking bird chorus, the facts now to be mentioned are well authenticated. I had them first from my faithful friend, the late Howson H. Wallace, who was often in King George and had many relations there. On one occasion a special carouse was proposed to be observed at the Indian Queen, and a select band, embracing the names of Taliaferro, and Lewis, and Turner, and Hooe, and many others, assembled. To do full honor to this august occasion, a wash-tub of considerable dimensions was obtained from the laundry of the hotel. This was filled nearly to the brim with the choicest liquors and materials, compounded with an artistic skill that had no rival elsewhere, even in Virginia. Loud was the tumultous joy—long and deep were the potations. As they went on, some of the stronger heads thought they perceived, from time to time, a distinct savor of leather in the liquid; but they learnedly accounted for it by reminding each other that several bottles of sherry had gone into the tub. You know that this favorite wine, when genuine, is from Xeres, in the province of Andalusia in Spain, and that being brought down from the sunny vintage in bags made from the skins of animals it acquires a peculiar flavor, which the initiated claim to be a special virtue. But when they reached nearly to the bottom of the tub, some ingredients were found which had not been put in by the artistic compounders. Being pulled out they were found to be a pair of leather boots—old, well worn, with originally high heels, thick soles and double tops. Afterwards one of the youngest of the party confessed that he had slyly thrown them in before the carouse opened. But as he had taken his full share of the beverage from the beginning, and had got very drunk and fallen under the table, for these good deeds he was forgiven, and his name has not transpired.

And now it is time that we turn from these delineations of character and manners in our town to graver themes.

Among the many influences which have continued to develop the individualisms of the people of Fredericksburg, three seem to demand special notice. These are: First, the schools; second, the newspapers; third, the churches. Each of these sources of influence would require a separate lecture for its exposition. We can therefore only glance at them, but we may glance intelligently.

Schools.

The material that has reached me would enable me to treat quite fully of the schools in and about Fredericksburg from the year 1800 to the present time. But I propose only to speak specially of three. One of these was that which succeeded the female school taught by the late Rev. Samuel B. Wilson, in which many of the most agreeable women in Fredericksburg received their early education. One of his pupils, and afterwards his assistant, was Miss Mary Ralls. She was the nearest approach to one who exercised disinterested benevolence that has appeared in our midst. She continued the female school, and after awhile took in charge boys also. She called to her assistance a number of teachers in succession, and, at last, called to her assistance a husband—an act constituting probably her most signal display of unselfish benevolence. He was Mons. Jean Baptiste Herard, a French gentleman, whose revolutionary principles and service with Napoleon the First made it necessary for him to leave France when the Bourbons were restored to the throne. He was never able to speak English. He was poor and friendless. Miss Mary Ralls had compassion on him and married him. They were united in marriage in the old Presbyterian church, which then stood on the lot now known as the Fredericksburg Female Orphan Asylum. Rev. Mr. Wilson performed the marriage ceremony, and a young lawyer, skilled in the French language, translated its parts to Mons. Herard and received his assent. It was then the usage of Doctor Wilson to close the ceremony with the words, "Salute your bride," addressed to the groom, who was expected to obey by decorously raising the veil of the bride and kissing her

lips. It seems probable that this part of the ceremony had not been sufficiently explained to Mons. Herard, and that his ideas on the subject had become confused by some usages in the provinces of France with which he was familiar. Be this as it may, it is certain that as soon as the words had been uttered in English by the clergyman, and rendered into French by the interpreter, Mons. Herard seized the bride under her arms, and, to the unspeakable consternation of herself and her female friends, danced her tumultuously up and down the whole length of the front aisle of the church—her little feet twinkling and flashing with the rapidity of the movement, and her face presenting a lively image of mingled womanly triumph and despair. Reverence for the sacred building forbade merriment inside; but some persons casually passing by were amazed to see the doors thrown open and a number of gentlemen rush out and roll themselves over and over on the grass of the churchyard in convulsions of laughter. Among them was the late Dr. Beverly R. Wellford, who afterwards often narrated the scene.

This marriage union, thus cheerfully inaugurated, was on the whole a happy one. Mons. Herard, though he could not speak English, taught writing and French in the school. Here commenced the education of a large number of girls and boys, who were afterwards well known in the social circles and business pursuits of Fredericksburg, and of many other parts of the United States. Among the boys I may be permitted to mention as my schoolfellows, George Scott, William Barton, now your circuit judge, his brother Howard, now a physician, and who attended General Robert E. Lee in his last illness, John Beverly Stanard, Robert Wellford, who married Fannie Littlepage Stevenson, became a physician and died comparatively young; another Robert Wellford, from Tallahasse, Florida; Peter Gray, a son of William F. Gray, and brother of Mrs. Doswell, of Fredericksburg, and who became a circuit judge in Texas, and was a member of the Confederate House of Representatives during the war; Robert and John L. Marye, who need no introduction to you; Edward Carter, a relative of the Wellford family, a boy of great

courage and promise, but who perished in his early youth, by shipwreck, in going round by sea from Norfolk to New York; and Byrd Stevenson, the youngest son of Carter L. Stevenson, who was long Commonwealth's attorney in our town.

In the school of Madame Herard, the studies of history, geography, grammar, rhetoric and the French language were, I think, carefully and successfully taught. But arithmetic was not well taught until her brother, Mr. Nathaniel Ralls, became an assistant in the school. He was a fine arithmetician, and a vast improvement immediately took place. Prior to his coming, it is my impression that arithmetic could not have been recognized, in this school, as a branch of the exact sciences. This impression is founded not only on general recollections, but one special incident, which must be related as a sign of those times. The most advanced class in arithmetic was at work one whole morning on a sum in what was then called "The Single Rule of Three," the answer to which was in land measure. After many vain efforts the boys gloomily assured the assistant teacher that they could not get the answer. This teacher's efforts were then applied, but were equally in vain. Finally a question came to the class from the teacher's lips in these exact words: "How much do it lack of the answer?" Immediately a voice replied, "It wants one acre, two rods and twenty-seven perches of the answer." "That's near enough," said the teacher; and, the knot being thus happily cut, the boys went on their way rejoicing.

It has been supposed by some that Mons. Herard was actually one of the regicide deputies who voted for the execution of Louis Sixeeenth; but the careful volumes of Thiers furnish no evidence that his name was in that list—that fearful list—to some execrable—to others immortal—to all profoundly impressive. But, that his whole heart and soul were fired with the revolutionary spirit was clear to all who knew him. On one occasion two accomplished ladies, who had visited France and spoke the language, spent an evening at his residence, which was then the small wooden building opposite to the house of Mr. Edgar

Crutchfield, our superintendent of schools. As the evening passed on, one of these ladies, who was a fine vocalist, by request, commenced singing the grand hymn of the "Marseillaise." Hardly had she commenced before Mons. Herard sprang from his seat in uncontrollable emotion, and when she reached the line, "*Marchons, Marchons, et Serrez vos battaillons!*" he leaped into the air, waved his hand around his head and, taking up the strain, sang verse after verse with gesticulations almost frantic in their energy. And even in his retired life, he proved that he had not forgotten some of the sharpest remedies of his country's revolutionary times. He was fond of gardening, and of raising pigeons. A cat in the neighborhood had made some bloody incursions upon his squabs. He watched his movements, saw that he came in through a hole in the close fence round his garden, set a bag around the hole, caught the cat, and conducted him in triumph to a scaffold erected for the purpose. Here the glittering axe descended, and the cat's head rolled in the dust, followed by a torrent of blood. Of these tragic events we were apprised in the school by a shriek from one of the female teachers, Miss Antonia Brent, who was looking out of the window and saw the act of decapitation. But though the female teachers and some of the female scholars were shocked, the boys were delighted with the whole proceeding. And they were probably right; for this cat was a malignant and confirmed *avicide* and deserved his fate.

When the revolution of 1830 took place, which drove Charles the Tenth from the throne of France, the people of Fredericksburg fired one hundred guns. Mons. Herard walked up and down Main street from breakfast time until nearly sunset, with a tri-colored ribbon on his coatbreast, and a look of rapt revolutionary fervor on his countenance. He was deeply disappointed at the continuation of the monarchy under Louis Phillipe of Orleans. He died a few years afterwards. How would that old heart, now cold in death, have bounded with joy could he have lived to see the present republican government of that great and chivalrous people!

The next school to be noted was that of Mr. John Gool-

rick, in the building now occupied by the Misses Vass. His residence was the wooden building next above. He was an Irishman by birth, and was related to the family of which Judge John T. Goolrick, present judge of the corporation court of Fredericksburg, is a descendant. He was assisted in his school by his son George, who was decrepit in body, but highly cultured in mind. Mr. John Goolrick was long the surveyor of Fredericksburg, and was assuredly one of its eminent characters. He was deeply skilled in mathematics, and was always pleased when his scholars made such previous progress as would justify their transfer to the classes in geometry. He believed in Euclid, and did not believe in the modern follies which attempt to teach that an angle may be formed by one straight line, and that possibly somewhere in the universe of thought, *two* added to *two* may make *five*. This last heresy is the idea of John Stuart Mill, and is akin to the ideas of the skeptical and materialistic school of the present day, who call their system *agnosticism*. This system teaches that man in his present state knows nothing and cannot possibly know anything of God or of ultimate Truth; and hence it follows that for aught we know or can know in this world, good may be evil, God may be Satan, and heaven may be hell. Mr. Goolrick, being a devout and catholic Christian, utterly repudiated any such philosophy. He believed in geometry, and such was the thoroughness of his methods, that several pupils in his school were able to stand up before him, and upon his calling by book and number for any proposition in Euclid, to repeat the theme and instantly give the demonstration. It is at least doubtful whether this could now be done in any college in our land. The blackboard in his day was unknown, but the geometrical figures were projected by rule, scale and compasses, and were therefore far more symmetrical than any that now appear on the blackboard. He not only delighted to teach geometry, but trigonometry, both plane and spherical—surveying and navigation—algebra even to the differential calculus, and conic sections to the hyperbola and the asymptotes. His modes of discipline were only two—keeping in after school hours, and the rod. He believed

in the rod, and had two forms thereof; one, the common form, consisting of tolerably stout and long twigs cut from the althea bushes in his garden; the other a more solemn form, kept for high occasions, being a seasoned cane of bamboo, with an ivory head, and which by frequent use, had become split into two parts, though united at the handle and ferule. In this school I first met my friend Charles A. Shepherd, and his brother Sandy Shepherd, who was the hero of a most ludicrous scene, which want of time forbids me to narrate.

The last school we can note is that of Thomas H. Hanson. He was originally from Georgetown, and was educated for the bar; but his modesty was so great that he found it seriously to interfere with his success in the practice of law. He was a fine classical scholar, and his school always deserved "par excellence" the name of a classical school. The Greek and Latin languages, and history, and antiquities of Greece and Rome were sedulously taught in it, and few who have ever passed studiously through this school have failed, in some form, to make their mark upon their day and generation. In this school I first met my friend, Mr. A. P. Rowe, our delegate in the General Assembly.

Mr. Hanson, though modest and unassuming, was perfectly firm in temper, and, when roused, was formidable. He was a man of true piety—read prayers in his school, and sometimes read or delivered a short moral or religious lecture. Some of the boys under his care long remembered the impression left by his reading the pathetic narrative of the death of young Altamount, by Doctor Edward Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." Mr. Hanson was a member of the Episcopal church; but though he loved his own church, and was what is sometimes called a good churchman, he was never illiberal or exclussve in creed or practice; and was ever ready to recognize and work with his brethren of other communions.

These schools are but specimen presentations of the schools of Fredericksburg, which have always been good. I must now leave them to say a few words on the newspapers of the town.

Newspapers.

The first paper established was the *Virginia Herald and Falmouth Advertiser*, by Timothy Green, in 1786. It was, after some years, conducted by Green, Lacy & Harrow, and for a year or two by Wm. F. Gray. Finally all other interests were bought out by James D. Harrow, who was a practical printer, and who conducted it for a number of years under the style of the *Virginia Herald*. In 1851, after Mr. Harrow's death, it was purchased by Major Kelly, who conducted it successfully until a few years ago, when, finding his type much worn, his subscriptions much in arrear and hard to collect, and probably his own health, circumstances and surroundings inclining him to an easier life than that of a political editor, he wound up and discontinued this venerable semi-weekly. In 1800 another semi-weekly was started under the name of *The Courier*, by James Walker as editor and proprietor. It was issued Tuesdays and Fridays, at 20 shillings ($3.34) per annum. A file of this paper running from November, 1800, to November, 1801, in bound form, has survived the lapse of time and the desolations of the war, and has been kindly submitted to my examination by the owner, Mr. James L. Green, of Fredericksburg. It was started to promote the interests of the Jefferson party, then called the Republican party, and its first number states that it is the successor and continuation of the paper entitled *The Genius of Liberty*, which had been conducted in Fredericksburg by Mr. Robert Mercer. This file of *The Courier* is interesting because of its age and associations; but it is strangely deficient in all local information, and but for the advertisements and an occasional notice of a horse race, a public dinner, a ball or a theatrical performance, it might as well have been published in Boston as in Fredericksburg. It does not even give quotations of the Fredericksburg market until near its close. The first quotation is October 27, 1801, when a brief list is given, quoting tobacco at $4.00; flour, superfine, at $7.75 per barrel; fine, $7.25 per barrel; wheat, $1.25 per bushel; Indian corn, $4.00 per barrel; and meal, $3.34 per barrel. Even the poetry is generally

second-hand, being for the most part selected from the English humorist who wrote under the name of Peter Pindar. But, one brief poem, undoubtedly of home manufacture, appears in the number for February 13, 1801, and this I shall quote for the benefit of my brethren of the bar, that they may comfort their hearts by the reflection that these present times are not the only times in which they have been heartily abused. It is headed "Epitaph on a Lawyer," and runs thus:

> "Here lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch
> That ever the Devil delayed to fetch;
> And the reader will grant it was needless he should,
> When he saw he was coming as fast as he could."

The *Fredericksburg News* was established by Robert Baylor Semple and, after his death, was purchased by Archibald Alexander Little, who conducted it to the time of his death. It is still in successful progress. The *Political Arena* was edited from about the year 1830 to 1845 by Wm. M. Blackford, who afterwards removed to Lynchburg. The *Democratic Recorder* was conducted at first by Robert Alexander and James B. Sener, and afterwards by S. Greenhow Daniel. The names of *The Virginia Star*, *Fredericksburg Ledger*, the *New Era*, *The Independent*, and the *Recorder* are too familiar to those now living to need detailed narrative.

Churches.

Leaving the newspapers, we must now briefly notice the churches of Fredericksburg. The Baptist first comes into view in June, 1768, and in a manner strongly forecasting the struggle which religious freedom was about to inaugurate with the vicious but venerable principle of church establishment. At that time, three zealous Baptists, John Waller, Lewis Craig and James Childs, were seized by the sheriff of Spotsylvania and carried before three magistrates in the yard of the church building. The nominal charge against them was for "preaching the Gospel contrary to law," but their real offence has been disclosed to us by old Doctor Semple, who says that a certain lawyer vehemently

accused them, and said, "May it please your Worships, these men are great disturbers of the peace; they cannot meet a man upon the road but they must *ram a text of Scripture down his throat.*" They were ordered to jail in Fredericksburg, and as they passed through the streets they sang in solemn concert the hymn beginning, "Broad is the road that leads to death." While in jail, they preached through the iron gratings of the windows and door. The people listened in awe, and already a spirit was awakened which grew in might until it grappled with and overthrew not only the Established Church, but the principles on which it was founded.

It is not my purpose to trace minutely the history of each church in Fredericksburg, and therefore it will suffice here to say of the Baptist church that she has accomplished a good work, and that few of her deeds have been better or wiser than that which placed over her most important church here as its spiritual guide, its present pastor; and which has enabled our Library Association to gain as her second president the Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Dunaway. Two colored Baptist churches are also here, and well organized.

Previous to the revolution, the Methodist church had no distinct existence in Fredericksburg, and, indeed, none in America. But, after the ordination of Dr. Coke and his assistants, the Church planted itself here, and, with its accustomed zeal and fervor, grew rapidly in numbers. Its oldest church building stood on the lot near Liberty town, back of the lot now known as the town park. It has entirely disappeared. But two comparatively modern buildings succeeded it, the last of which was erected in consequence of the division in sentiment between the Northern and Southern Methodists. Among the numerous able Methodist divines who have been in Fredericksburg, I will only mention the venerable father in God, Mr. Kobler, who was long a resident among us. His holy life gave him much influence. His quaint and uncompromising honesty was exhibited in a prayer offered by him soon after the first election of General Andrew Jackson as President. After praying for his health and happiness and success in his administration as President, he added solemnly the

words, "Though Thou, O Lord, knowest well that we did not want him."

The history of the Episcopal church in Fredericksburg furnishes ample food for philosophic and profitable thought. It was at first, of course, a part of the church system established by law. In 1732 Colonel William Byrd visited the town and thus, in brief terms, describes it: "Besides Colonel Willis, who is the top-man of the place, there are only one merchant, a tailor, a smith, an ordinary keeper, and a lady who acts both as a doctress and coffee-woman." In that year, 1732, the first church was erected in Fredericksburg. It was in the parish of St. George, which then embraced the whole county of Spotsylvania; and this county, as established in 1720, extended westward "to the river beyond the high mountains"—*i.e.* the Shenandoah—and included not only its present territory, but all of the present territories of Orange, Culpeper, Madison, Greene and Rappahannock. During the period from the building of the first church in Fredericksburg, until 1734, Rev. Patrick Henry was the minister. He was uncle of the great orator. From that time to the end of the revolutionary war, only two clergymen need special notice. They were father and son, and both bore the name of James Marye. The father was a native of France and belonged to that oppressed but noble people known as the Huguenots. They were uncompromising protestants, and Calvinists in faith and church forms. The edict of Nantz, by which they were secured religious freedom and protected from persecution in France, was granted by the chivalrous Henry of Navarre—Henri Quatre—and was revoked in 1685 by that concentrated essence of all the worst vices of the Bourbons—Louis Fourteenth. In the persecutions preceding and attending this revocation, it is estimated that two hundred thousand Huguenots suffered martyrdom, and seven hundred thousand, embracing the most industrious and God-fearing people of France, were driven from the kingdom. A considerable number of them came to Virginia and settled at Manakintown on the James river, about twenty miles above Richmond. Rev. James Marye became their minister, and so excellent was his reputation

that the good people of Fredericksburg petitioned Governor Gooch to let them have him. He found nothing in the Articles or Service of the Episcopal church which violated his conscience, therefore he was willing to come. He was inducted in October, 1735, and ministered here for thirty-two years. He was succeeded by his son bearing the same name, who ministered to the church until 1780. The widow of the Rev. James Marye, Jr., long survived him, and was well known to many now living, as were his daughters, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Smith, of Snowden, above Fredericksburg, to which allusion has been made, and Mrs. Adams, who long lived in the house now occupied by Mr. Robert T. Knox.

It can give us no pleasure to dwell on that dismal period between the revolutionary measures which overturned the Established Church and the *renaissance* of this century, a period especially dismal to the true friends of Episcopacy in this region, because neither in the character of the ministers nor in the continuous decline of piety, could they find any elements of hope. That some of the rectors in Fredericksburg, even during that period, were good men, cannot be doubted. But they were not of high-toned Christianity, and they labored under disadvantages not to be surmounted. And, by far, the greatest number were men of the world, who indulged themselves in drinking, horse-racing and gaming. Rev. Mr. Slaughter does not, I believe, in his history of St. George's parish, give the name of old Parson Mackonochie, who was so renowned for his convivial and card-playing habits that a naval officer born in our town, upon whom, in infancy, this old clergyman had sprinkled the water of baptism, was accustomed, in after life, to account for his own occasional aberrations by the fact that he had been christened by old Parson Mackonochie. And an incident, narrated by the pious and authentic Bishop Meade, undoubtedly belongs to this period. I would not venture to relate it but for his high authority, and but for the fact that he states he obtained it from two old men of unimpeached veracity, one or both of whom were present at the closing scene of the drama. And though he does not state either the name of the clergyman

or the place of the event, yet as he was often here at the close of this sad period, as the incident corresponds with habits then known to have prevailed here, and is in accord with other similar incidents known to have existed here, I think it no rash presumption to attribute it to Fredericksburg.

He relates that a clergyman, who was of great stature and strength and of highly strung passions, was accustomed to rule his vestry with a rod of iron. Wishing to have something done which only the vestry could do, he convened them. But a majority of them were unwilling to vote as he wished. A quarrel ensued; high words were speedily followed by blows, and in this pugilistic encounter, the clergyman, by his gigantic strength and skill as a bruiser, got the better of the recusant vestrymen, mauled them unmercifully, and drove them from his presence. The affair naturally created great excitement, and in order to explain it and to justify himself, the clergyman on the succeeding Sabbath day preached a sermon on a text from the book of Nehemiah, which read thus: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair." These were sad times for the cause of religion.

But in the year 1813 a great change commenced. Rev. Edward Charles McGuire in that year came to the church first as a lay reader, and after his ordination, as rector. His own diary has given an account of his reception, which must be here repeated. He says:

"I was received by the people with very little cordiality, in consequence, I suppose, of the shameful conduct of several ministers who had preceded me in this place. The church was in a state of complete prostration. Many persons had been driven away, and those who remained were much discouraged. Under these disastrous circumstances I commenced a career most unpromising in the estimation of men."

The result was a signal proof of the blessing always attending true piety and Christian zeal. He continued with the church to the time of his death in 1858, a period of forty-five years from the beginning of his ministry. During this time, a series of sound religious revivals,

amounting almost to a continuous revival, visited his church, greatly adding to her numbers, and culminating in the year 1858, just six months before his death, in the coming forward of eighty-eight persons at once to receive the rite of confirmation. The effect of this scene was almost overpowering to Doctor McGuire, and was a fitting preparation for the enjoyment of the upper Sanctuary to which he was so soon called.

Since his death changes have occurred, under the influence of which the Episcopalians of Fredericksburg worship in two churches, St. George's, under the Rev. Mr. McBryde, and Trinity church, under Rev. Dr. Murdaugh, to both of which gentlemen I am indebted for valuable material for this lecture.

The Presbyterian church in Fredericksburg commenced its life under the labors of Rev. Samuel B. Wilson, who came to the town as a domestic missionary, in 1805. At that time only two Presbyterians existed in the town. One was a merchant from the province of Ulster, in Ireland, Mr. John Mark, who was one of the first ruling elders; the other was Mrs. Caldwell (*née* Kirkpatrick), grandmother of the late John S. Caldwell. The real and life-giving themes of the Gospel were then a novelty in Fredericksburg, and under their presentation, attended by divine efficacy, the numbers gathered constantly increased until they were strong enough to build their first house of worship on the lot now occupied by the Asylum building. We have, of this period in the church's history, a very vivid and interesting account presenting the male worshipers, Mark, Grinnan, Mundle, Seddon, Vass, Morson, Patton, Henderson, Wellford, Brook, Fitzgerald, and the even more devout female worshipers, Mrs. Mary Alexander, Mrs. Morson, of Hollywood, and her daughters Marion and Eliza; Mrs. Patton, the donor of the ground, the daughter of General Mercer; Miss Stevenson, Mrs. French, the Misses Lomax, Mrs. Allison and Miss Marion Briggs from Harwood, given by a writer in Dr. Foote's "Sketches of Virginia," which I have felt strongly inclined to insert in this lecture; but as it is in print and in form accessible to those whom it would most interest, I forbear.

Dr. Wilson continued to be the pastor until 1840, and has been followed in succession by Messrs. McPhail, Hodge, Lacy, Gilmer and Smith—to the last of whom we are in large measure indebted for the success of the Fredericksburg library.

Under the impulse given by a sermon from Bishop McGill in 1856, a Roman Catholic church was established in Fredericksburg in 1859. And under occasional visits from Bishops Gibbons and Keane, and the continued ministrations of the Rev. Fathers Hagan, Donnelan, O'Farrell, Sears, Brady, Becker and Tiernan, this church has not been permitted to languish. Although its congregation is not large, it embraces some of our successful citizens, and some who have proved themselves to be sincere and active friends of our library enterprise.

Passing now from the spiritual and mental influences coming from schools, newspapers and churches, I propose to say a few words about the more material elements, viz.: the old buildings in and around Fredericksburg.

Old Houses.

As accurately as I have been able to ascertain, the oldest house now in the city is the residence owned and occupied by our townsman, Wm. A. Little, although some others press it hard in the race of antiquity, and especially the old wooden building formerly the residence of Mary, the mother of Washington. It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Little is also the owner of the oldest house in Stafford county, viz.: the dwelling at Boscobel, which has a chimney slab bearing the date, 1752, and is, with good reason, supposed to have been built about half a century prior to that date, viz.: about 1702—the very year that Queen Anne commenced her reign, and when Joseph Addison was yet a young man, and Alexander Pope was a small lad. But Mr. Little has so renewed, extended and adorned both his old mansions that it would be hard to find the pure originals. That fine old building, Chatham, opposite Fredericksburg, was built by William Fitzhugh, a son of the original William Fitz Hugh, who is the progenitor of the

Fitzhughs of Virginia, and who was of Norman extract, and came to Virginia as a lawyer to attend to some important interests of the King. Wm. Fitzhugh, of Chatham, did not continue there to reside, because he found that the abounding hospitality expected of him would bring him to poverty. His words were: "I can stand the expenses of my *table* but not the expenses of my *stable*;" and when we bear in mind that often during the Mulberry races it was common for six carriages, each drawn by four horses and each filled with male and female guests, and each attended by a black driver and footman, to drive up to his door before breakfast, we may feel the force of his words. The handsome building below Fredericksburg, known as Mansfield, long occupied by the Bernard family, and which was burned during the war, was erected by Mann Page, of the family of John Page, Governor of Virginia, in 1802, whose lineal ancestor, Mann Page, the first, began to build Rosewell, a magnificent and costly mansion near Williamsburg, which he did not live to complete, but which his widow and oldest son completed after his death. The total cost was so enormous as to embarrass the whole family and cause the sale of nearly all their lands, and to call forth from the pious and prudent Bishop Meade some well-timed reflections in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia." The venerable old mansion near the western line of our town, known as Kenmore, was built by Mr. Fielding Lewis, who married Betty, the sister of General George Washington, and who was the grandfather of Mrs. McGuire, wife of Rev. Edward C. McGuire. The fine stuccoing of this house could not have been executed by any native workman, and is believed to have been the work of an English soldier captured during the revolution and sent for safe-keeping to Fredericksburg. The tradition in the Lewis family was that immediately after finishing his work he accidentally fell from the scaffold and was killed. Mr. Fielding Lewis had first selected as his place of residence the lot now occupied by Mr. George Shepherd, and had there erected a handsome residence, which, before it was ever occupied, was destroyed by fire. He then built the Kenmore house. The dwelling now

occupied by Mr. George Shepherd was erected by Robert Mackay, a merchant of Fredericksburg.

Mary, the mother of Washington, selected for the place of her burial a spot on the Kenmore land, close by a rocky crag, which she preferred because, as she declared, it could never be cultivated. Here her remains rest, and here the exact spot was pointed out by Mr. Bazil Gordon, the wealthy merchant of Falmouth, when preparations were being made about the year 1832 to lay the corner-stone of the present unfinished monument, under the eye of President Andrew Jackson, with an imposing military and civic display.

The lawyers of the past days of Fredericksburg are represented by the well-known names of Rootes, Minor, Williams, Green, Stanard, Patton, Stevenson, Barton, Botts, Moncure, Herndon, Conway, Daniel, Marye and Bernard; the physicians by the names of Mercer, French, Carter, Wellford, Wallace, Hall, Herndon, Carmichael, father, son and grandson; the merchants by the names of Grinnan, Mundle, Ross, Scott, Henderson, Patton, Moffett, Spence, Dunbar, Johnston, the Knoxes, Phillips, Mackay and the Gordons—Samuel and Bazil. These last named were born in Scotland—the sons of a well-to-do landed proprietor near Kirkaldbright, a little village which has sent forth many successful merchants to America, among whom were Lenox, Maitland and Johnston, of New York. Bazil Gordon was the younger brother, and was at school with a son of the celebrated Paul Jones, of naval memory, who was himself a neighbor of the Gordon family, and whose exploits have been immortalized in history and in Cooper's fine sea novel, "The Pilot." Samuel and Bazil Gordon, after some hesitation between Falmouth and Dumfries, settled at Falmouth, about the year 1786, and became eminently successful merchants. After accumulating a fine fortune, Samuel bought the Kenmore estate and abandoned merchandise; but Bazil continued in business, accumulating wealth, which at his death was measured by millions. His adventures were nearly always successful;

but he owed much of his success to his native Scotch good sense, his perfectly temperate and regular habits, his self-reliance, which enabled him patiently to wait for results when he had formed his plans, and his serene temper, which secured for him friends in nearly all with whom he came in contact. He died in 1847.

Secret Societies.

I would be giving an incomplete view of Fredericksburg without some notice of the Masonic organizations and other analogous fraternities that have existed within her bounds. But this notice must necessarily be brief and imperfect, as it is such only as one of the humble uninitiated may obtain. Free Masonry was introduced into Virginia certainly as early as the year 1725. The first lodge organized was in Norfolk; the second in Port Royal; the third in Petersburg; the fourth in Fredericksburg. This last has the designation No. 4, and is supposed to have been organized as early as 1735, though its records of that date have perished. It was at first independent in its organization. But in 1758 its Master, Daniel Campbell, according to a vote of the lodge, while he was visiting Scotland, procured from the Grand Lodge of that country a charter for No. 4, which bore date 21st July, 1758. In 1787 a charter from the Grand Lodge of Virginia was also accepted for No. 4, but with the express reservation of all her rights under her Scottish charter. About 1800, for some reasons political or social, or both, a number of members withdrew from No. 4 and formed American Lodge, No. 63, which at one time was very flourishing, and embraced in its membership many of our best citizens. But, during the war, it became extinct and has never been revived. In the bombardment and subsequent sack of Fredericksburg, all of the records of No. 4 were destroyed or lost except a few imperfect fragments from 1752 to 1771. The lodge meetings seem at first to have been held in the private houses of prominent members, and I have from an intelligent Mason a note to the effect that "the house of Brother George Weedon was a favorite place, no doubt partly from the

fact of his being liberal in providing refreshments, which was a great consideration with Masons of ye olden time." The house of General Weedon here spoken of was the well-known "Sentry Box" in the lower end of Fredericksburg, afterwards occupied by Colonel Hugh Mercer, and now occupied by W. Roy Mason. Afterwards a room for No. 4 was fitted up over the market-house (then standing on Main street), and the meetings were held there from June, 1762 till 1813, when the building was torn down preparatory to the erection of the present town hall and market-house. Then No. 4 held its meetings at the Rising Sun Hotel, the old wooden building still standing on Main street, between Fauquier and Hawk streets. Finally, in 1815, the present lodge building was completed, which stands on the corner of Princess Anne and Hanover streets. This venerable lodge, No. 4, has at various times embraced in its membership eminent men—soldiers, statesmen and private citizens. Among the first was the Father of his Country, George Washington, who, in this lodge, received the first degree November 4, 1752, the second degree March 3, 1753, and the third degree August 4, 1753. The Bible used in these ceremonies is still held by the lodge in good preservation. It was printed at Cambridge, by John Field, in 1668. Generals Hugh Mercer and George Weedon were also members. By order of No. 4, and by moneys to the amount of $5,000, raised by its exertions, a very beautiful and faithful statue of Washington, in white marble, was wrought by the great artist, Hiram Power. It was safely transported to Fredericksburg, but ere it could be erected the war came on. For safe-keeping it was sent to Richmond, and there perished in the terrible conflagration of April 3, 1865. Lodge No. 4 furnished five Grand Masters to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, viz.: James Mercer, in 1784; General Robert Brooke, in 1795; Major Benjamin Day, from 1797 to 1800; Oscar M. Crutchfield, in 1841; and Beverly R. Wellford, Jr. (now circuit judge of Richmond), in 1877; and No. 63 furnished one, viz.: John S. Caldwell, in 1856.

In 1873 Fredericksburg Royal Arch Chapter was organized, and in 1875 Fredericksburg Commandry No. 1,

of the order of Knights Templar was instituted, of which Colonel Robert S. Chew is Worthy Commander. Thus three Masonic bodies exist in Fredericksburg, each in flourishing condition, and the three are able to confer all the degrees in ancient York Masonry.

There are also in Fredericksburg a number of secret fraternities under the various names of Odd Fellows, Knights of Honor, Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum, Good Templars, Sons of Sobriety and Good Samaritans, to all of which, so far as their objects are Christian, charitable and moral, we wish God-speed.

Present of Fredericksburg.

Thus I have sought to present to you the past of Fredericksburg. Her present you know as much of as I do. She has still her moderate and pleasant climate, her delightful water, her charming society, her female beauty, which, I think, no one who has had the opportunity of looking over this audience would consider to have deteriorated since the olden time; her picturesque surroundings, her cheapness in all the necessaries of life. In all these, she is not changed; and in addition to all these, she now has her great water power, secured by a dam erected by very skillful engineers. This water power is already in extensive use; but is capable of farther utilization to an indefinite extent. It presents the vast advantage of being offered to manufacturers on cheap and easy terms.

Her Future.

And as to the future of Fredericksburg in a business point of view, I can only express the humble opinion that her best hope—perhaps I may say her only hope—is in manufactures. She has long ago reached and passed the point wherein merchandising proper—that is the mere exchange of goods and wares for money or in barter, can support more people within her bounds than are now supported thereby. But in manufacturing—that is the application of skilled labor to raw material—there is indefinite

and wide room for expansion. Her water power is all sufficient. And when we recall the names, of the past and present times, who have engaged in this brave struggle, Joseph Burwell Ficklen and his sons, one of whom bearing his name exceeds his father in far-seeing energy; William C. Beale, Myer & Brulle, Pettit and his partners; John G. Hurkamp, Charles E. Hunter, and others whom I might name, and see what they have already accomplished, I see no reason why the future of manufactures in Fredericksburg should not be brighter than the past.

But let us not deceive ourselves with the hope that any success in this life will make this life a perfect satisfaction to the soul. If perfect material success should come, it will be attended with drawbacks and losses of which we have heretofore known nothing. If Fredericksburg should ever become a great manufacturing district like Manchester or Birmingham, in England, or like Providence, in Rhode Island, or Lowell, in Massachusetts, then the Fredericksburg of our fathers will be gone. The spiritual and intellectual stimulus will have been diverted into the material and the earthly. The individualism once so self-assertive and so attractive here will be forced down by the dead level of a rushing current of wordly success and worldly cares.

Whether this change be in all respects desirable even in Fredericksburg, I will not undertake to decide. But this I will say, that it is not impossible, by the exercise of virtue and industry, to make in our much loved old town the happiest medium of mental activity, emotional enjoyment and material progress that this world can furnish.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT.

The substance of this historical pamphlet, entitled Fredericksburg: Past, Present and Future, was delivered by the author as a lecture requested by and for the benefit of the Fredericksburg Library and Lyceum Association. It was so favorably received that measures were immediately taken for its publication, and the first edition appeared in 1880.

This issue has been entirely exhausted by sales, so that the frequent demand for copies cannot be met. The present publishers have made preparations for a new edition, with a supplemental narrative and statement as to Fredericksburg to the present time.

The accuracy, general and special, of the original work has received encouraging confirmation from official sources. In 1881 the common council of Fredericksburg provided for a new publication of her laws and ordinances, and directed that the code should "contain an introductory preface of the history and progress of the city from its foundation to the present, to be collected from the best and most reliable historical sources."

This historical preface was prepared accordingly, and after approval and adoption by the mayor and council, appears in the "General Ordinances of the Corporation of Fredericksburg," published in 1883. This small volume has become rare. Except the copies held by officials, few can be found. I had not seen a copy, until, within a few days just past, one was put into my hands through the kindly offices of the late venerable mayor, Hon. A. P. Rowe.

A careful examination of the historical preface discloses the fact that a very large part of it is taken, in substance, from the pamphlet of 1880, entitled "Fredericksburg: Past, Present and Future."

Acknowledgments to that effect are very frankly made in this preface. The writer thereof does not, of course, attempt to enter the field of individual characters and events, but contents himself with a clear and well written

statement of facts suited to the purposes contemplated by the action of the council.

A few errors in history appear in this preface, for which the pamphlet is not responsible. But as these errors are generally immaterial in reference to the object sought by the council, no special statement of them is needed herein. A single example will suffice.

On the opening page of this preface, it is stated that "Fredericksburg was founded by law in 1727, and named for Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George Second." This is a mistake. George Second was Prince of Wales, being the oldest son of George First, that rough and immoral old German elector of Hanover who became King of England in right of his mother, the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Frederick, from whom Fredericksburg takes her name, was son of George Second and was Prince of Wales after his father became King in 1727. He never became King himself, having died in the lifetime of his father. But Frederick's son became King, and was that same George Third "to whose mingled obstinacy and insanity we are indebted for American independence."

To this "historical preface" we are indebted for some facts in the life of our old town which do not fully appear in the pamphlet. Two conflagrations—one in 1807, and the other in 1822, for a time, desolated the town. The first commenced in a house on the lot and premises formerly occupied by Mr. George W. Shepherd. It was then occupied by the family of Wm. Stanard, who had just died, and whose body, prepared for the grave, was lying in the house when the fire broke out. It swept down Main street, destroying houses on both sides, but leaving the house on "Henderson's corner" undestroyed. It burned the Bank of Virginia, which then stood on the present site of Shiloh Baptist church, on Water street.

The fire of 1822 originated in a building at the corner of Main and George streets, now known as "Wellford's corner," and destroyed the entire commercial block in that region. But by enterprise and exertion, a complete restoration in better style has taken place. It is remark-

able, however, that one square of the houses destroyed in 1807 has not been rebuilded.

The conditions of lively trade in the town, prior to the advent of the railroad era, are indicated by the fact stated in this preface, that sometimes on Commerce street and in the western parts adjacent, as many as fifty wagons could be counted in the morning. They were from Orange, Culpeper, Rappahannock and the Shenandoah regions beyond the Blue Ridge. They were drawn by four horses generally, but sometimes by six splendid Conestogas, with new harness and tinkling bells on crimson arches over the shoulders of the horses. They brought down wheat, flour, butter, bacon, pork, venison, every article good for human food. Some worthy people think, even now, that those were the "halcyon days" of Fredericksburg. But the better days were to come.

The names of the "mayors of Fredericksburg" from 1782, given in the ordinance on pages 40 and 41, suggest some memories with which we would not part. James Somerville appears among them three times, viz.: in 1784, 1787 and 1792. He was that social Scottish gentleman who inherited a large estate from an uncle, and resided in Fredericksburg long enough to marry Mary Atwell, and become attached to a wide circle of connections and friends. He then purchased a beautiful estate, known as Somervilla, on the Rapidan river, and resided there during the rest of his life, leaving sons and daughters from whom many descendants are in parts of our Southland.

One of his grandsons, Prof. Samuel W. Somerville, is in the faculty of the College of Fredericksburg, and has builded for himself and his household a very handsome residence near to the Mary Washington monument.

Others of those mayors bear the well known names of Charles Mortimer, George Weedon, George French, Benjamin Day, Fontaine Maury, Garret Minor, Robert Mackay, David Briggs, Robert Lewis, a descendant from Fielding Lewis, who married Betty, the sister of George Washington, and who died in office February 10, 1829; Thomas Goodwin, John H. Wallace, Benjamin Clarke, Robert Baylor Semple, John L. Marye, Jr., Peter Goolrick,

William S. Scott, Montgomery Slaughter, Joseph W. Sener, and others whose names and memories are among us.

The last name entitled to a place in this worthy line is that of Wm. Seymour White, who died at his home in Fredericksburg, November 26, 1897, after having held the office and successfully discharged the duties of mayor for more than a year. He was in his forty-fourth year in age. He had surmounted many obstacles arising from feeble constitution and health, and had gained a name of distinction as citizen, editor, lawyer and public officer.

Thus we are led to review some of the yet extant monuments and buildings of the past of Fredericksburg. The house owned by Mary, the mother of Washington, and in which La Fayette visited her in 1784, and in which the Father of his Country paid, to his then feeble and dying mother, his last visit in March, 1789, is still standing in primitive simplicity and dignity at the corner of Charles and Lewis streets. It is now owned by the "Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities," which has, since its organization, so highly honored its own members and honored our State-mother by caring for the homes and memories dear to her. Robert C. Beale, of a family well-known in Fredericksburg, and his wife, who was a daughter of Commodore Thomas A. Dornin, of the United States Navy, and their children have occupied this Washington house for years, and seek to carry out the plans and purposes of the society who own it.

The tomb of Mary Washington near the rocky crag and chasm formerly a part of the Kenmore estate is now marked by a monument worthy, by its massive foundation of granite, and its simplicity, stateliness and beauty, to preserve the memory of her who gave birth to the man of all ages the greatest and most symmetrically developed in soul and body, and who by her own virtues and discipline contributed so powerfully to make him what he was.

The changes which culminated in the erection, completion and unveiling of this monument are worthy of notice. They are not without their lessons.

Prior to the year 1833, one single person, Silas E. Burroughs, a wealthy merchant of New York, was the

only person who came forward for a work which ought to have enlisted, from the beginning, the hearts and substance of the women and men of the United States of America. He volunteered to furnish all the needed money and means for erecting a suitable monument over the grave of Mary Washington. A plan and drawing of a very ornate and beautiful monument were selected, a competent architect was engaged, and the foundation was laid.

In 1833, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, attended by members of his cabinet and by a large number of citizens, volunteer soldiers, and military and civic bands of music, came on from Washington and the District of Columbia to Fredericksburg. Here he was met and welcomed by enthusiastic people, officers, soldiers, citizens and societies, and the corner-stone of the monument was laid with imposing solemnities.

The work went on until the square body of the monument was completed with its polished marble pillars, and its carved flutings and traceries. Then came the mutterings of the financial storm which immediately followed the second term of President Jackson. Silas E. Burroughs sank under the very earliest billows of that storm. He failed disastrously. The work on the monument stopped. Burroughs went to South America and to other parts of the world. He kept up his spirits, and wrote that he was on the road to such a fortune as would enable him to complete the work. But money did not come.

The enormous rough marble plinth for the spire did come to the wharf in Fredericksburg. By contract it was moved from the wharf to the site of the monument, with oxen, mules, wagon frames, wheels, chains, shoutings of boys, and pulling of ropes altogether indescribable. It was deposited amid the weeds, shrubs and rubbish near the unfinished structure. And there it remained for more than a half-century. No stroke of sculptor's mallet or chisel ever fell on it.

The unfinished monument was often visited, but seldom with pleasure—seldom without a sense of something like humiliation. After the "war between the States," appeals were made to Congress to appropriate money to complete it or build another in its place, but Congress would not move.

Then the souls of the women of the country began to stir within them on this pathetic subject. An association was formed in October, 1889, by the women of Fredericksburg, under Mrs. James P. Smith, and some months afterwards, as an outcome of this movement, a national association was formed, headed by the widow of Chief Justice Waite. Appeals went out. All the women in the country bearing the name of "Mary" and all the men interested in these women were urged to give. Money poured into their treasury. A plan for a monument, solid, stately, yet graceful and beautiful, was selected. Artists worked on it. The monument was approved and erected on the site of the unfinished monument, which was removed, although its most graceful parts have been preserved.

On Thursday, the 10th day of May, 1894, the ceremony of unveiling took place. The day was serene and cheering to soul and body. The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, and nearly all of his cabinet, with a very large number of citizens, male and female, from the District of Columbia and other parts of the country attended. Charles O'Ferrall, Governor of Virginia, on horseback, attracted favorable notice by his knightly appearance and bearing. Military regiments and companies from Washington, Alexandria, Richmond, Fredericksburg; bands of music, Masons, Knights Templar, fire companies, large companies of ladies in gay attire and mounted on horses splendidly caparisoned, and immense outpourings of citizens, male and female, made the occasion one never to be forgotten. Mrs. Waite and her co-laborers and officers were in attendance full of the sweet joy of success. John W. Daniel, Senator, and probably first in reputation as an orator, delivered the address. A banquet at night closed the ceremonies. Never before had the people of the town had their souls so full of the joy of processions.

The old framed building on the south side of Main street, between Fauquier and Hawk streets, formerly known as the Rising Sun Tavern, is attracting attention now because its owners are so repairing it that it may lose something of its antique appearance and interest. It is certainly true

that in the olden time in colonial days, revolutionary days and afterwards, it was frequented by many eminent men. Old Lord Thomas Fairfax was there with George Washington just before he engaged the young Virginian as the surveyor of his vast landed possessions between the head streams of the Potomac and Rappahannock. John Marshall and James Monroe were frequently there. A great ball was given in the largest rooms of the house not many years after the fall of Yorktown.

It was once the property of Colonel Gustavus B. Wallace, a revolutionary officer of excellent reputation. It passed to members of his family, and was the life property of Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace of Stafford, and was for years tenanted by her son, H. H. Wallace, a merchant of Fredericksburg loved and trusted by all who knew him. After her death, her son, Dr. J. H. Wallace, bought out the shares of the other owners, and the property is now owned by his children and descendants, who are repairing it for preservation.

The seats known as Chatham, Snowden and Fall Hill near Fredericksburg have changed owners frequently since 1865. They have been kept up and improved by the abundant money resources of their owners, who have been, generally, from States other than Virginia. Fall Hill, with part of the original tract of land, is the residence of Colonel Frank W. Smith, a civil engineer of reputation, who has lately written and published an article under the head of "Is it another Klondyke?" that has filled the souls of many people in Stafford and Spotsylvania counties with hopes of veins of gold in the multitudinous rocks on their lands.

Brompton, on Marye's Heights, has passed into the ownership of Morris B. Rowe, Esq., who has proved himself to be a man of strong business intelligence and enterprise. On the same range of hills is the graceful residence of brick erected and occupied by Colonel Charles Richardson. The National Cemetery, with its superintendent's residence, its terraces, green grass, trees and monuments, will always draw visitors and tourists.

The United States have very properly caused to be

engineered, graded and macadamized, a broad road from the centre of Fredericksburg to this cemetery. Parts of this road were formerly a "slough of despond" to all who were compelled to pass through it. Now it is a private drive, ride and walk.

The fearful "stonewall" which was the scene of the most sanguinary defeat of the Federal troops under General Burnside on the evening of December 13, 1862, was used, as far as suitable, in building the cemetery residence. The remnant was sold, at auction or by private bid, some twelve years after that battle. It was purchased by the late Doctor Wm. S. Scott, and made the buttress of his fertile grass lot on the slope just below Federal Hill in Fredericksburg. There it may be viewed by all who desire the sight, and the accompanying memories.

The Confederate Cemetery, adjoining that of the city, and in which lie the remains of many brave men of the Southern armies, has continued to receive all the attentions that patriotism, love and gratitude could prompt. The former wooden headboards having decayed, their places have been taken by small granite monuments, each bearing the name or initials of the soldier lying beneath, in all cases where the name could be ascertained. The funds for this purpose were contributed all through our land, under the enthusiastic appeals and exertions chiefly led by Mrs. Captain J. Nicholson Barney of Fredericksburg. In every month of May decoration services are observed.

The spot where the resolute and high-minded Confederate General Cobb fell, on the road below Marye's Heights, is marked by a solid slab of polished granite bearing a brief inscription. In the Wilderness region the spot where General Stonewall Jackson was shot from his horse, by the dismal mistake of his own men, is marked by a permanent and appropriate monument. A similar monument, in permanence and purpose, marks the spot where the Federal General Sedgwick fell mortally wounded. The exasperating memories of the war are indeed passing away. The monuments of honor to the worthy martyrs, on both sides of the lines, serve now rather to bind the people of South and North together than to alienate them.

The "Sentry Box" in the lower end of Fredericksburg, once occupied by Generals Weedon and Mercer and afterwards by the Mercer family, is still there and is kept in perfect order by the owner, Mr. O. D. Foster, once postmaster of Fredericksburg. Hazel Hill is owned and occupied by Mr. J. S. Potter and his family. Mr. Potter has had rare opportunities, by travel and observation, to collect literary and artistic information and articles of curious value, and is earnest in his labors for the prosperity of Fredericksburg.

No observer at all familiar with the town for a half-century past, can doubt that improvement of the most decided and encouraging character is in progress. More manufactories, business houses, educational buildings and private residences have been erected in Fredericksburg within the twenty years just passed than within any other similar period of her life. In the upper part of the city, in the neighborhood of the Mary Washington monument, around the square adjoining to Kenmore, on the streets running through the lots of the Development, and on the wide *boulevard* leading to the National Cemetery, these new residences have risen up. Some of the houses are large and convenient, builded for the families who were to occupy them. Others are smaller, being intended for investment and for occupation by tenants. But all have been fresh, modern and reasonably comfortable.

With the advance of business and population, a desire for beauty and the indulgence of the aesthetic tastes has increased. Paint has been freely used on the houses of business and the dwellings, and the town has lost all dinginess and has broken out into smiles everywhere. Gas lights and electric burners and search lights have chased away that darkness which is inseparable from hopelessness and gloom.

In the close of the original pamphlet the opinion was ventured that the best hope, perhaps the only hope of Fredericksburg, was in manufactures. Every stage of her subsequent progress tends to prove that this opinion was sound. Her manufactures have been increasing all the time. New forms of manufacture are springing up.

The manufacturing establishments now operating in and near Fredericksburg are:

The Bridgewater Flour and Corn Meal Mills, operated under the superintendence of Joseph Burwell Ficklen and William F. Ficklen, his brother. Business depressions, caused by uncontrollable irregularities of the relations of the market price of wheat and corn to manufactured flour and meal, have borne sorely on them, but they have persevered, and the flour of their mills has taken medals in expositions in nearly all the civilized countries of the world.

The Excelsior Flour and Corn Meal Mills of C. H. Pettit.
The Germania Flour and Corn Mills of Myer & Brulle.
The Farmers Friend Plow Works of Charles E. Hunter.
The Eagle Shoe Factory.
The Kenmore Shoe Factory.
The Washington Woolen Mills.
The Silk Factory.
The Southern Foundry and Machine Works, Chas. Tyler.
The Southern Plow Mill Works, Charles Tyler.
The Steam Ice Factory (limited).
The Sumac Mill Company, John G. Hurkamp & Co.
The Bark Mill Company, Hurkamp & Co.
The Extract Works, John G. Hurkamp.
Hurkamp Foundry Company.
R. T. Knox & Brother's Sumac Mill.
R. T. Knox & Brother's Bone Mill.
R. T. Knox & Brother's Extract Works.
John T. Knight's Brick Yard and Kilns.
Brick Yard and Factory, M. B. Rowe.
Cigar Factory.
Pickle Factory by Colonel Charles Richardson.
Alert & McGuire's Pickle Factory.
Mr. Wm. Peden's Pickle Factory.
Fredericksburg Wagon Works, S. W. Landram.
Spoke Factory, George Morrison.
Fredericksburg Rim and Felloe Works.
Buggy and Wagon Manufactory, Geo. Gravatt.
Fredericksburg Wood Working Plant.
Hancock & Stearns' Wood Working Plant.
Battlefield Granite Company, Yorcke & Swift.

Stafford Granite Works, W. F. Ficklen.
Falls Plantation Granite Works, Innis Taylor.
Free Lance Publishing and Job Printing Works.
Fredericksburg Star Publishing and Job Printing Works.

When power, stronger than manual, is used, most of these factories use steam power. But the larger mills and manufactories are run by water power, and most of them by the Water Power Company of Fredericksburg.

I feel at liberty to make a cautious statement that negotiations concerning this great water power have been in progress which, in the opinion of competent and prudent men, will probably result in its transfer to an association or company having abundant money resources, and who will establish, in connection with the water power, one or more plants for industrial operations on a large scale in or near Fredericksburg.

In the close of the pamphlet, apprehensions were suggested that if our town grew rich and prosperous, she would grow dull and uninteresting. But this fear may now be banished. She retains her excellent water, her abundant and cheap means of living, her beautiful and fascinating women, and her men of wit and culture. And she has now even a higher power to preserve her from sluggishness.

Her public schools, established since 1868, have always been of high grade and have done much to elevate the young people. But the want of means for thorough college education in the town was felt.

This want has been efficiently supplied. Chiefly by the exertions of Rev. Dr. A. P. Saunders and of many in our midst and at a distance, who had the good sense to sympathize with him in his purposes and plans, a College of Fredericksburg has been established, and has been in successful operation since 1893. Under the charter granted by the General Assembly of Virginia in December, 1893 (in attaining which Senator Wm. A. Little, Jr., was specially active and successful), the corporation has all the powers essential to a college.

One of its most attractive features was its provision for home and education for the young and dependent children of missionaries, and the orphan children of ministers of

Christ, and the foundation for a training school for missionaries, generally ladies, who needed special education for their foreign fields.

Questions have arisen by reason of the fixed principles of our constitutional law, separating State and Church, which have operated to draw a distinct line between the college proper and the religious elements involved in the home and training school.

But as high education is needed by all the beneficiaries, it is happily supplied by the dual elements at work. In the college, history, ancient and modern, scriptural and secular, Oriental and Western, European and American; the ancient and modern languages, the exact sciences, grammar and geography in their highest sphere, political science and economy, physical science, embracing natural history, chemistry and biology; music, vocal and instrumental; art in drawing and painting, and physical culture, all these are taught with a thoroughness that has yielded happy results. The co-educational principle is used and has been found to furnish a safe and healthful stimulus to successful exertion, by both male and female students.

The number of students has sometimes exceeded two hundred. It has, in each session, reached an average of a hundred and fifty.

The planting and growth of this college in Fredericksburg have marked an era in her history most important and encouraging. The grounds, buildings, dwelling houses and elements of society coming as its outgrowth have aided in imparting life and courage to all of her best hopes.

A National Battle Park is now contemplated, and many reasons exist why it should be in the region of which this noted Virginia town is the basis. Within a hemisphere bordering on the south side of the Rappahannock river, centering on Fredericksburg, and thence running east, west and south for a distance of twenty-five miles, more men have fallen on fields of battle, dead, dying, bleeding, wounded mortally, or seriously, or slightly, than in any similar area in all the world. Waterloo and her adjoining fields sink into paleness and dimness when compared with Fredericksburg and her ensanguined battle-fields.